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SIXPENCE Edited by Sir John Hammerton MAY 11, 1945

HOISTING HIS TROOP FLAG AT OSNABRUCK, W. K. Laidler of No. 1 Commando Brigade climbed a street lamp after the town had been entered by Field-Marshal Montgomery's 11th Armoured Division on April 3, 1945. This famous Prussian industrial and railroad centre, with a peacetime population of 107,000, offered little resistance: chief task of the Commandos was picking off stray snipers in the heart of the city, whilst loudspeakers gave orders to the remaining civilians. *Photo, British Official*

Unspeakable Horrors of Nazi Prison Camps

AT BUCHENWALD, overrun by Gen. Patton's U.S. 3rd Army on April 11, 1945, a thousand citizens of nearby Weimar were marched six miles to witness the horrors of the notorious Nazi concentration camp where 21,000 emaciated and disease-ridden captives were found still alive; among the appalling sights was this lorry (1) loaded with skeleton-like corpses.

Headed by General Eisenhower, high-ranking Allied officers visited another vile concentration camp at Ohrdruf, near Gotha, captured by the U.S. 3rd Army on April 13; a Dutch prisoner in the camp related his experiences to the Allied C.-in-C. (2). At Nordhausen, east of Gottingen, where troops of the U.S. 1st Army, on April 10, found over 2,000 unburied dead (political prisoners) a few survivors were discovered on a floor among the bodies of other victims (3). Six hundred German civilians from the town were ordered to dig graves and remove the corpses for burial (4).

Photos, U.S. Official, I.N.A.

IN THE WAKE OF THE VICTORS

Another chapter from Our Own Correspondent's impressions of his visit to the British Front

by Captain NORMAN MACMILLAN, M.C., A.F.C.

MANY of the roads in Belgium and Holland are surfaced with stone, cut in the shape of cubes and laid close together, without mortar or cement, on top of the levelled soil. Such roads stand up reasonably well to normal traffic, but they were subjected to terrific strain by the enormous mechanized convoys that poured in unending succession towards the Front. The severe frost had frozen the water in the soil beneath them and the expanding ice had thrown the stone sets upward; when the thaw came the weight of traffic destroyed the surface. Wherever we went we found stretches of road under repair, causing the flow of traffic to slow down at one-way bottlenecks.

American and British white troops and darkies worked on the roads. It was hard, unremitting toil, whether the surfaces were of pavé or of clay and broken stone. The pavé had to be reset accurately; macadam and dirt roads were resurfaced with the debris of shattered buildings, where these were at hand. I cannot say that the men engaged on this work looked happy. Most wore miserable expressions, especially the white Americans. Here was no glory, no fame, but disillusionment arising from realization of the chores of war. Yet there was honour in the sweaty toil, for without it the all-important convoys could not go through to their destination.

BY day and night we passed lines of amphibious vehicles: buffaloes, 8-wheeled naval ducks, 6-wheeled army ducks; followed and preceded by supply transport and armour of all kinds, wherever possible moving up in a double row, for the great assault on the Rhine barrier. By day, vehicles on urgent priority used blinking red lights to distinguish them and give them right of way. At night, headlights blazed, dipped to ours, then blazed again as they passed. But one long convoy of amphibious craft, on urgent call, moved lightless through the night; military traffic police stopped all transport going the other way and warned the drivers to turn off their headlights to avoid dazzling the drivers of the oncoming amphibians.

Tree-trunk Signs Warn Drivers

Traffic Control utilized almost every roadside tree-trunk to display instructions and warnings to drivers. The more important signs were repeated every few miles. Roads were code-named or numbered, and the words UP or DOWN distinguished direction to or from the front. One road might be 305 DOWN; another MAPLE LEAF DIAMOND UP. Tanks or heavy trucks were scheduled to a speed limit over soft or worn roads. Sometimes all traffic had to be speed restricted, as at approaches to temporary bridges where single line traffic was compulsory.

Many signs, painted in black letters on large white boards, were repeated every few miles. Among them were IF YOU MUST STOP GET OFF THE ROAD . . IF YOU CAN'T GET OFF THE ROAD DON'T STOP . . . THE CAREFUL DRIVER HAS NO REGRETS . . . NO DOUBLE BANKING . . . DON'T OVERTAKE IN FOG . . . OBEY THE SIGNS AND HELP TRAFFIC CONTROL . . . VEHICLES MUST KEEP THIRTY YARDS APART . . . NO OVERTAKING. And on one tree-trunk, I CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING TO PUT ON THIS ONE. In the front zones the signs became less official in tone. Two I noted were inscribed on white cardboard nailed to convenient tree-trunks, south of the Reichswald Forest, where at that time the 51st (Highland) Division was in action. They read:

Drive on the verges
And break up the route,
We'd sure like to give you
A kick with our boot.

Wave at the girls
To help your nerves,
But remember the road
Has dangerous curves.

In the towns, traffic signposts to indicate the location of units' headquarters looked like totem poles. They were covered from top to street-level with little plates of diverse colours, signs, queer letters, and abbreviated names; and when the face of the post was filled more plates were mounted on the sides until the indicator looked like a brilliantly coloured, scaly, tropical animal. Everywhere prominent among the signs were the Maple Leaf and the Scottish Lion.

WE stopped for a few minutes in 'S-Hertogenbosch (it means Duke's Wood) to see the magnificent Gothic cathedral, much less damaged than some of our English cathedrals; indeed, almost unhurt. The interior, which reminded me of Milan cathedral, felt damp and cold. There was no heating. But a number of worshippers knelt in the quiet building, most of them in the chapels alongside the choir and altar, intent upon their devotions, while outside the dull boom of U.S. "Long Tom" guns of big calibre broke the silence with the reminder that war waged over the land. When we returned to the car, Dutch children ran up to ask us if we were Canadians.

GAS BOMBS READY FOR USE, to the number of 50,000, each weighing 500 lb. and filled with paralysing cyanogen chloride, were shown by Nazi officers to their captors of the U.S. 1st Army at Losa, Germany, in mid-April 1945. Masks were worn as a precaution. *Photo, Associated Press*

Before we reached the Grave bridge—protected by light A.A.—a flying bomb flew past us at about 1,500 feet, its roar sounding above that of the traffic. Throughout Holland the Bailey bridge was almost the most conspicuous feature of the landscape.

TO BREMEN THROUGH SMOKE AND FLAMES, a British dispatch-rider speeds past a burning building near the famous river port. On April 16 armour of the British 2nd Army moving up from Quakenbruck had broken out from the Aller bridge-head at Rethem; eight days later they had entered the Bremen suburbs. *Photo, British Official*

This prefabricated bridge must have saved immense labour and much time during the advance over a countryside so cut by waterways. See page 564, Vol. 8.) We crossed the Maas-Wahl canal by Bailey bridge, and entered Nijmegen, where a fair-haired, curly-topped Dutch girl of about five stood on a chair in a window watching the traffic and singing at the top of her voice.

We pushed on towards the forward zone, and after traversing an appalling road of mud reached the main road to Krannenburg, a small town eight miles from Nijmegen and the railway frontier station within Germany. It had been captured the previous evening by the H.L.I. Medium bombers of 2nd T.A.F. had softened up for the attack, bombing both sides of the Nijmegen-Krannenburg road where defence points were sited. In a length of several miles I found only one bomb crater on the road itself, evidence of remarkable accuracy of aim despite poor visibility. This one crater was being filled in by Pioneers, to restore the roadway which was there reduced to one-way traffic.

The Jerrican Cooking-Stove

Before reaching Krannenburg I saw two undamaged German frontier radiolocation towers—of an early pattern—apparently anti-aircraft radar posts. Krannenburg was badly smashed up by the guns, bombs and rockets of the Typhoon squadrons. I went into a doctor's house. On one side of the lobby was his waiting-room, opposite was his surgery. Behind was his combined dining-room and lounge. A picture frame hung on one wall, but the picture it had contained was out of the frame. Tables were overturned, windows smashed, plaster gone; books lay about the floor and sideboard. The house looked as if a gigantic impish child had been let loose in it. Yet it had every appearance of having been lived in until the bombardment began a few hours before.

Krannenburg, with a pre-war population of just under 4,000, has considerable remains

Lieut.-Gen. B. G. HORROCKS, C.B., D.S.O., commanding the 30th Corps, (left) gives Capt. Norman Macmillan, Special Correspondent for "The War Illustrated" with the British Forces (centre) a message for our readers (see foot of next column).

of ancient ramparts, and near it were the newer ones of the Siegfried Line. Its 13th-century church had an attractive tall steeple, but the sky showed through a few war-made holes in it. On a plot of open ground facing the main street some troops sat on wooden chairs brought out from the houses, cooking their rations on a petrol fire that burned in a torn-open jerrican; the thought struck me that last time I warmed myself at such a fire was on the Transjordanian desert, east of the Dead Sea; here it was in a dead town, through which poured a never-ending stream of armoured and unarmoured vehicles.

We drove on to the beginning of the Siegfried defence system, and then walked forward. The road was camouflaged from the farther bank of the Rhine—five miles away, on the other side of floods that lapped to the edge of the road—by cut branches of fir trees placed between the trunks of the trees that grew in an avenue along the verges. The main German position was visible on the wooded slopes ahead, and for some way back the road was open to enemy observation.

I COULD hear our bombers passing high above the clouds. Austers spotted amid flak. I saw the tank crews stiffen and look up. Two specks grew swiftly in the eastern sky. I recognized them quickly. "Spits," I said. Simultaneously the tank crews knew them. "Good thing, too!" they said. What a target that road was for fighter bombers! If the enemy had possessed air superiority it would have been impossible to use it as it was being used.

At the first anti-tank ditch of the Siegfried Line we met Lieut.-Gen. B. G. Horrocks, the 30th Corps Commander, inspecting the position. I asked him for a message for readers of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED. He hesitated. But when I told him the articles could not possibly appear for several weeks, he realized that security questions could not be endangered, as they sometimes are by quick publication of messages which may be useful to the enemy. And General Horrocks said: "Our soldiers have fought magnificently against considerable opposition. We have definitely broken through now. Our trouble is roads and communications. Yesterday we bulldozed over the country"—he waved one arm towards the land that lay behind us to the right of the road. "I won't say that we won't have our little set-backs, but we should be all right." Events have proved his forecast, made at the opening of the Rhine offensive, to be correct.

LOOTERS SWARMED THE STREETS OF HANOVER after its capture by Gen. Simpson's U.S. 9th Army on April 10, 1945. Handcarts and bicycles piled with stolen goods were wheeled through the shell-shattered thoroughfares before the Allied Military Control took over after the flight of the Reich police authority. During this operation the U.S. 9th Army cut the highly important autobahn which runs through Magdeburg (captured April 18) and the heart of Prussia to Berlin. See story in page 25. *Photo, Keystone*

THE BATTLE FRONTS

by Maj.-Gen. Sir Charles Gwynn, K.C.B., D.S.O.

WRITING on the eve of the great battle which is bound to be fought between the Elbe and the Oder the task of the commentator is not easy. Before what I write is published the results of the battle will probably be known. That it will be the final major battle of the war is practically certain, although it is impossible to predict how long hard and bitter fighting may be necessary if fanatical and desperate groups maintain a suicidal struggle. Apart from the action of such groups it remains to be seen whether the German Army will go down fighting desperately or whether there will be a sudden unexpected collapse such as has occurred in the Ruhr pocket.

There can be no doubt that the Germans have deployed the bulk of their available forces on their Eastern Front, hoping that they would at least be able to limit the area to be overrun by the Red Army whose vengeance they naturally feared. Now that the Allies have closed up from the west the Germans may decide that protracted resistance is useless and would entail only further devastation of the country. German historians will find it hard to explain away the ignominious surrenders in the Ruhr pocket. If the 300,000 prisoners taken there in the course of a fortnight had fought with the determination the situation demanded, a large part of the U.S. 9th and 1st Armies could probably have taken no share in the battle beyond the Elbe. Not until a "cease-fire" had been ordered by the highest authority could surrender on such a scale and under such circumstances be excused.

I DO not often hark back to views I have previously stated, but I think I may claim that a suggestion I made when the Allied winter offensive was pending has to a considerable extent been justified. I held then that the German Regular Army, though convinced that the war was lost, would fight desperately in the defence of the frontiers, and in order to maintain the prestige and traditions of the Army; but that, realizing the devastation it entailed, it would not lend itself to Hitler's plans for prolonging the struggle in the heart of the country.

In the frontier fighting I thought it probable that German commanders might attempt gambling operations, fully realizing that should they fail the end would come sooner. I rank Rundstedt's offensive in that category, although it was more formidable than anything I had expected. The counter-offensive in Hungary was in the same class, though with less prospect of achieving a success of real importance. The episode of the Ruhr pocket, and many others, on the other hand tend to show that the remnants of the Regular Army have no intention of sacrificing themselves to prolong the struggle if they can avoid it.

LIKE all generalizations, what I suggested could only be partially true, and there can be no doubt that the Wehrmacht of all classes was prepared to fight desperately to prevent the Russians advancing beyond the Oder. But the Oder for all practical purposes had become a frontier of Germany, and there was an immense incentive to save the country from the devastation it was naturally expected invasion by the Red Army would cause. Personally, I doubt whether the German Army as a whole will fight with the desperation Hitler has demanded now that the arrival of the western Allies on the scene makes it impossible to stem the Russian advance; and I should not be in the least surprised if we see some tame surrenders on a large scale.

DECLARED German Intention Was to Hold Vienna at All Costs

It is now quite clear that the renewal of the Russian offensive on the Oder-Neisse line was deliberately postponed till the Anglo-American Armies had reached the Elbe, in order to give the best prospects of securing decisive results. It is equally evident that the threat of the Russian offensive immensely facilitated the Allied advance from the Rhine. Not till the line of the Elbe was reached did the Germans dare to withdraw reserves from the Eastern Front to oppose it, and the fact that those reserves sufficed to offer considerable resistance goes to prove the strength of the army facing the Russians.

IN previous articles I have commented on Tolbukhin's remarkable record, and his capture of Vienna (see illus. page 9) in a six-day attack is another notable achievement, for the Germans had not only declared their intention to hold the city at all costs, but had placed one of their most fanatical leaders in charge of the defence. Malinovsky's operations, of course, contributed greatly to the speed and completeness of the achievement, and there is no doubt that collaboration between these two generals has reached an exceptionally high standard.

WESTERN FRONT ON APRIL 20, 1945, indicating the final Allied squeeze to cut the Reich in two. The British 2nd Army neared Hamburg; the U.S. 1st and 7th Armies had cleared Leipzig and Nuremberg respectively; while the Russians were within 17 miles of Berlin, which they entered three days later.

By courtesy of The Daily Mail

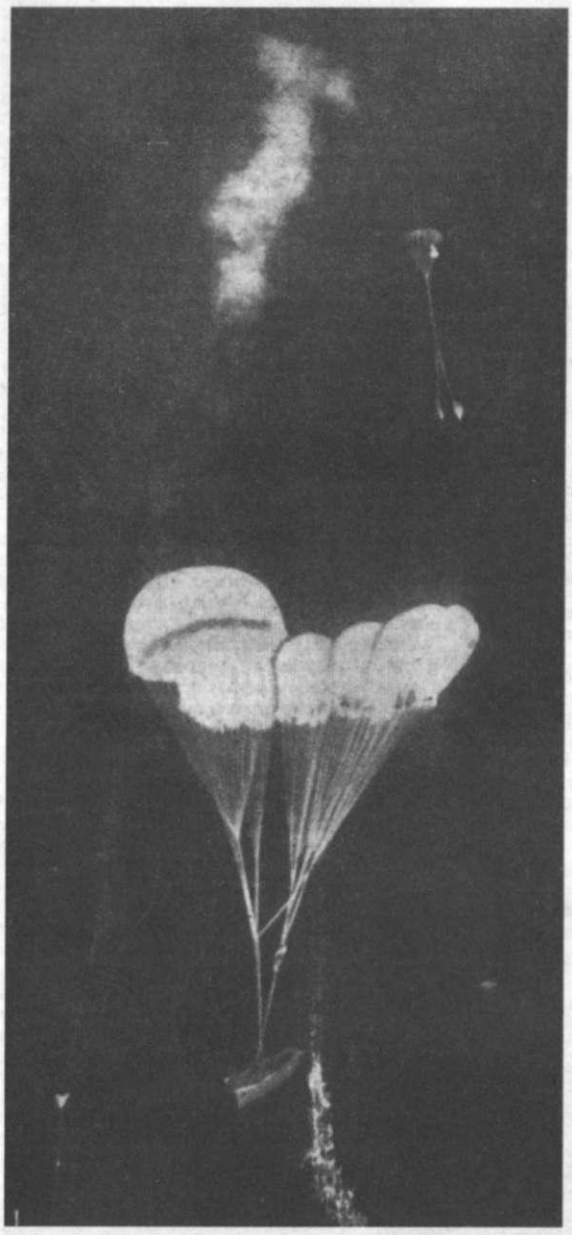
Looking back on the course of the war since the winter offensive began and passed into the spring campaign, one is even more impressed by the perfection of the Allied plans and by the way the whole complex structure of the operations has been fitted together than by the performances of individual generals or armies, brilliant as they have often been. Astonishingly little has apparently been unforeseen or unprovided for. Yet it is obvious that the programme was never so rigid as to cramp initiative or lead to the loss of opportunities. It is less surprising that the operations on the Western Front should have been admirably co-ordinated, for there the Allied armies have fortunately a single directing head, but few could have believed the Western and Eastern offensives should not only have been so well synchronized but that their component parts should have fitted together so remarkably.

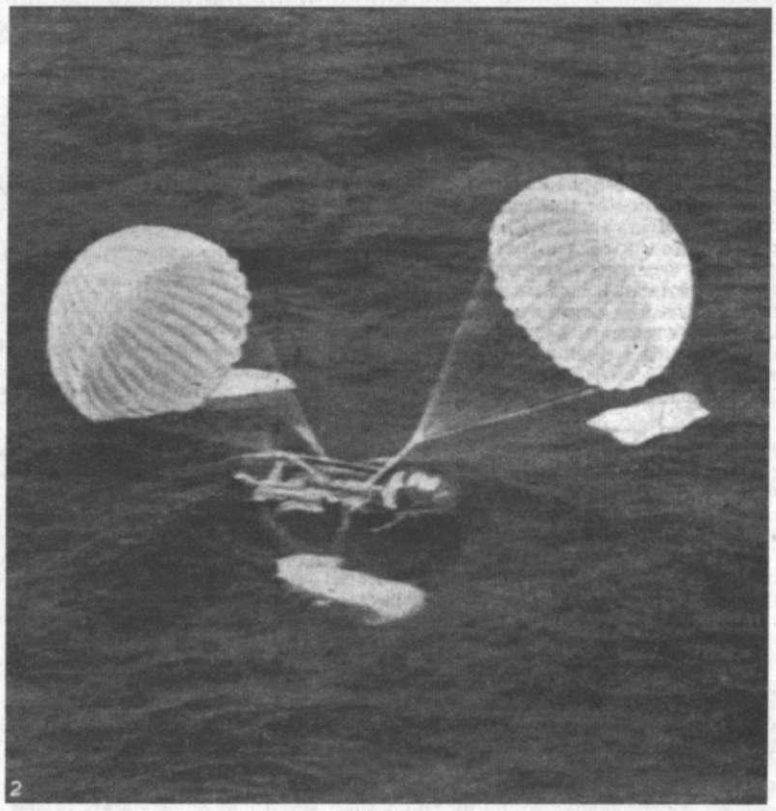
IT was of course obvious that Berlin would be a lodestar dictating the direction of the advance from each side, and it might have been foreseen that the left of the Russian invading armies and General Eisenhower's right would probably meet in the neighbourhood of Dresden. But was it by chance or by brilliant collaboration that the Russian drive through Rumania and Hungary (at one time criticized as an unwise dispersion of effort) and General Patch's 7th Army from Alsace should arrive practically simultaneously at Vienna and Nuremberg respectively, with good prospects of meeting in the upper Danube valley and of interposing between Hitler's main armies in the north and the mountain strongholds of the south?

Furthermore, there is every probability that Malinovsky's Army advancing into Moravia has a rendezvous with General Patton's troops in Bohemia. There is little likelihood, therefore, that Bohemia (as has been suggested) will provide Hitler with a stronghold in which part of his army could offer prolonged resistance. As a further blow to Hitler's hopes of continuing the struggle in the mountains of the south, Field-Marshal Alexander has again found himself in a position to launch a major offensive which seems likely to prove annihilating and to make it impossible for the Germans to withdraw into the Alpine passes. Within a fortnight from the start of the attack on April 12, the 8th and 5th Armies had driven the enemy from his long-held positions, captured Bologna, Ferrara and Modena, crossed the Po and reached the line of the Adige and Verona, gateway to the Brenner.

WHAT we are watching is an outstanding example of the correct development of exterior lines strategy: a strategy which demands unrelenting pressure by widely separated forces, giving the enemy no chance of concentrating such offensive power as he possesses against any one of them. Obviously, this entails difficulties which increase with the number of separate fields of action. The problem of maintaining each force at sufficient strength and with such assurance of supplies as to give it the requisite offensive potentialities is by no means simple. Synchronization of intensive efforts may not always be necessary or desirable—alternating blows may be at times more effective—but the correct timing of blows is perhaps the highest test of the skill of the co-ordinating authority. In this case where there are two co-ordinating authorities, nothing is more remarkable than the way the timing on both sides has been harmonized.

Wondrous Rescue for Airmen in Peril on the Sea





AIRBORNE LIFEBOAT SUSPENDED FROM PARACHUTES was dropped (1) by a 2,000-h.p. Warwick heavy transport aircraft of R.A.F. Coastal Command during the dramatic rescue of the U.S. crew of a Catalina flying-boat on April 3, 1945 : as the sea-marker gave off its column of smoke, supplies also were floated down. The lifeboat righted itself (2) and the Catalina's crew clambered into it (3) from their dinghy.

The Catalina, searching for the pilot of a Mustang which had been forced down into the sea, had itself got into difficulties and force-landed. The crew were driven to take to their dinghy, in which they were adrift for six days. Soon after the dropping of the lifeboat, the Catalina's crew were picked up by a rescue launch of the Royal Navy. See also story in page 731, Vol. 8.

Photos, British Official

THE WAR AT SEA

by Francis E. McMurtrie

By the time this is published, the German fleet, apart from submarines and small craft, may no longer exist as a fighting force. Already several of its few remaining large ships have been eliminated, and the fate of the remainder cannot long be delayed. First to be accounted for was the heavy cruiser Seydlitz, of 10,000 tons. Though launched as long ago as January 1939, this ship, for some unknown reason, had never been completed for service. Laid up in harbour at Königsberg, she is believed to have been blown up by the Germans before the Soviet forces entered the city.

Another incomplete ship, the aircraft carrier Graf Zeppelin, of 19,250 tons, was last reported as laid up in a dismantled state in the estuary of the Oder, below Stettin. That port is likely to be in Russian hands at any moment, and the fate of Germany's only aircraft carrier, launched with great ceremony at Kiel in December 1938, will doubtless be that of many another enemy ship—scuttling. A sister ship, the Peter Strasser, though laid down at Kiel in 1936 or 1937, seems never to have been launched.

At Gdynia, former Polish naval base, which the Soviet armies entered late in March, the only surviving German battleship, the Gneisenau, was under refit. She had been reduced to a hulk, the gun turrets and entire superstructure having been removed in order that the ship might be rebuilt. Though nothing is known positively of the damage which she had sustained, it is well to recall that when, on February 12, 1942, this ship passed through the Straits of Dover in company with the battleship Scharnhorst and the heavy cruiser Prinz Eugen, on their way from Brest to Wilhelmshaven, a series of determined attacks was made on the enemy by the Royal Navy.

Six Swordfish aircraft, led by Lieutenant-Commander (A) Eugene Esmonde, who had won the D.S.O. for torpedoing the Bismarck nine months earlier, flew through a storm of anti-aircraft fire, and, in spite of being attacked by German fighters, are believed to have got at least one torpedo home before all were destroyed. Esmonde was posthumously awarded the Victoria Cross for this gallant action (see page 567, Vol. 5).

Motor torpedo boats based on Dover next delivered a torpedo attack at long range, and finally, two flotillas of our destroyers in the North Sea pressed home attacks off the Dutch coast, managing to get within close range through squalls of rain. Altogether it is estimated that half-a-dozen torpedoes may have found their marks, though the Germans asserted that a minesweeper, one of some 30 small craft which were endeavouring to screen the three big ships, was the only casualty.

ADMIRAL Scheer at Kiel Presumed Sunk by a Magazine Explosion

Though both the Scharnhorst and Prinz Eugen were soon in service again, the Gneisenau has never been reported at sea since, and it seems reasonable to conclude that she suffered such severe structural injuries from torpedo hits that it was necessary to strip her completely to get at the damage. What has now become of her does not very much matter; but probably she was destroyed by the Germans before Gdynia fell.

Next it was the turn of the 6,000-ton cruiser Köln, survivor of three sisters. Both the other two were lost during the German invasion of Norway five years ago, the Karlsruhe being torpedoed off Kristiansand by H.M. submarine Truant, and the Königsberg being dive-bombed in harbour at Bergen by the Fleet Air Arm. Towards the end of March last, bombers of the Royal Air Force scored two or three direct hits on the Köln as she lay at her moorings in Wilhelmshaven, Germany's principal naval base on the North Sea coast. When photographed a day or two later she was seen to be lying on the bottom, with her upper deck submerged. She may therefore be safely written off as an effective warship.

On the night of April 9-10 a heavy attack was made by Bomber Command on the dockyard at Kiel. Several bombs were dropped in the vicinity of a large ship lying in the dockyard basin, and a heavy explosion followed. Photographic reconnaissance disclosed that the ship was the Admiral Scheer, one of the so-called "pocket battleships." She was lying under water, completely capsized, and is presumed to have been sunk by a magazine explosion.

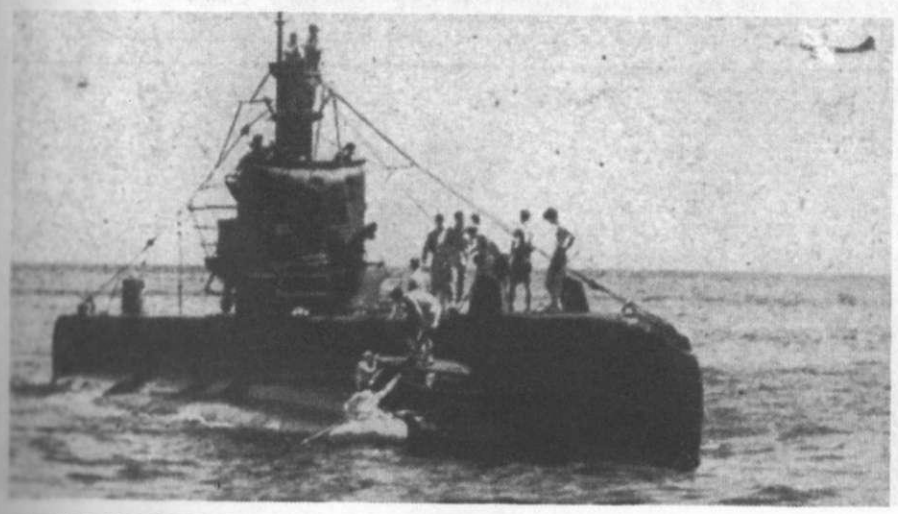
Her only remaining sister ship, the Lützow (formerly named Deutschland) was spotted shortly afterwards at the entrance to the port of Swinemünde, in the Baltic. Swinemünde bears much the same relationship to Stettin, at the mouth of the Oder, as Gourock does to Glasgow. On the afternoon of April 16 a determined attack was made on the ship by R.A.F. bombers, as the result of which she now lies on the mud with her stern under water, a helpless wreck.

FLEET AIR ARM RATINGS in Ceylon find it no hardship to do their own washing, outside their quarters. The F.A.A. has played a big part in clearing the Indian Ocean of U-boats. *Photo, British Official*

This completes the inglorious saga of the "pocket battleships," an inaccurate and non-technical description of a type which has failed to live up to the flamboyant advertisement which accompanied its production by the Germans 15 years ago. Designed to evade the restrictions placed on German naval construction by the Versailles Treaty, this type of ship combined an armament of six 11-in. and eight 5·9-in. guns with an armour belt of from four to five-and-a-half inches in thickness and a speed of 26 knots.

It was the enemy's boast that these ships were too powerful to be tackled by the heaviest British cruisers, which carried no weapon more powerful than the 8-in. gun; while the speed of 26 knots was in excess of that of any British capital ship then existing, other than the battle cruisers Hood, Renown and Repulse. It was Commodore (now Vice-Admiral Sir Henry) Harwood who exposed the weakness of the "pocket battleship" design. With three cruisers, one mounting 8-in. guns and the others 6-in. guns, he fought the Admiral Graf Spee with such fury and determination, tempered with a high degree of skill, that the German ship was glad to slink into the neutral port of Montevideo. She emerged again on December 17, 1939, only to scuttle herself rather than face a renewal of the action.

Since then the other two ships of this discredited design discreetly refused action on every occasion when it was offered, except on November 5, 1940, when the Admiral Scheer descended on a convoy in the Atlantic. At that date the Royal Navy was so short of escorts that the convoy's only protector was the armed merchant cruiser Jervis Bay. Though hopelessly outmatched, she resolutely attacked the Admiral Scheer, and before she sank had the satisfaction of knowing that she had given the convoy time to scatter. Captain E. S. F. Fegen, commanding officer of the Jervis Bay, received the V.C. posthumously (see page 567, Vol. 3). On Christmas Day, 1940, another convoy, this time escorted by the cruiser Berwick, armed with 8-in. guns, was attacked by an enemy ship, believed to have been the Admiral Scheer. After an exchange of gunfire with the Berwick, the German ship prudently withdrew.



SUBMARINE RESCUED AIRMEN ditched in the Indian Ocean, when a Super-Fortress was shot down by Japs. American survivors from the blazing plane are here seen transferring from the Royal Navy submarine which picked them up to the rubber dinghy of a R.A.F. Catalina of Eastern Air Command, which flew them back to base. *Photo, British Official*

Australian Pathfinders in New Guinea Waters

To help make possible the advance of big Allied forces against Japan through hundreds of miles of enemy-controlled waters of which no adequate charts were available, little ships set forth to survey the way. How hydrographers of the Royal Australian Navy carried out this supremely difficult task, taking millions of soundings, in the face of offensive action by the Japanese, is specially described for "The War Illustrated" by GORDON HOLMAN.

UNCHARTED seas are just as big a menace in wartime as in peace. On occasions, in the desperate situations of war, ships must take risks that they would not be called upon to face in more normal times; but, for any well-planned operation, good charts are even more essential than for ordinary peacetime passage.

The main shipping routes across the wide oceans are like great highways, and the coasters that carry supplies in all parts of the world in peacetime have their well-marked channels. Still there remain thousands of square miles of sea that are, to all intents and purposes, "unknown," in the sense that no reliable charts of their depths and shallows have ever been made.

So it was many months ago, when General MacArthur sat down to plan for his promised return to the Philippines. "We will go northabout round New Guinea," he said, "leapfrogging the Japanese positions by sea." Almost the first consideration, once this decision had been made, was the setting down of the exact course the advance was to follow. Staff officers, studying their maps, saw at once that uncharted waters lay in the path of progress.

Better known to sailors, proceeding on their lawful occasions, were the Torres Strait and the Arafura Sea to the south of New Guinea. Going this way to or from Australia, they avoided passing round the great length of the island and were able to pay their calls in the busy Moluccas area and keep in line with the gateway of Singapore.

PLENTY of ships had passed through the China Straits, off the south-eastern tip of New Guinea, from the days when the old convict ships used to turn round and head for China and the valuable cargoes to be found there. It was after one had turned the corner and faced the long run up by what used to be the German part of New Guinea—not unexpectedly named Kaiser Wilhelm's Land—that the existing charts began to look more than a trifle sketchy. But this was the way the Allied advance on Japan had to go. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of ships had to pass through those waters and they could not be committed to their task until adequate charts were available. The problem was simple, but the solution was going to call for great skill, enterprise and courage.

The Royal Australian Navy had its own hydrographic branch; and a number of the officers serving in it had had experience before and during the war, with the Royal Navy. It was to these naval surveyors that General MacArthur and his staff turned at this critical moment. The United States Navy had many commitments in other spheres, and the Australians were only too glad to undertake anything that would help to carry the war to the enemy. The chief hydrographer was a Royal Australian Navy officer with a curious Norwegian name, Commander Karl Eric Oom. A naval surveyor of wide experience, he wore the rare white ribbon of the Antarctic medal. At the beginning of the war, and for some months subsequently, he was in this country and saw service in one of the Royal Navy's famous survey ships, H.M.S. Franklin.

Ahead of Allied Naval Forces

It was in this ship, incidentally, that I had the honour, much later, to enter Cherbourg, the first great port to fall into our hands after the Allied armies returned to Europe. Apart from the small minesweepers and motor launches, Franklin led the way for British shipping into the harbour which the Germans had done everything in their power to make untenable for vessels. As a passing tribute to our own splendid naval survey service, I can record from personal knowledge that, for days before the first Liberty ship slowly nosed its way into the harbour at Cherbourg, officers and men of the Franklin worked day and night surveying and producing their meticulous charts. Mines were being exploded by the sweepers as the small boats used for the survey moved backwards and forwards across the harbour, but the hydrographers never faltered.

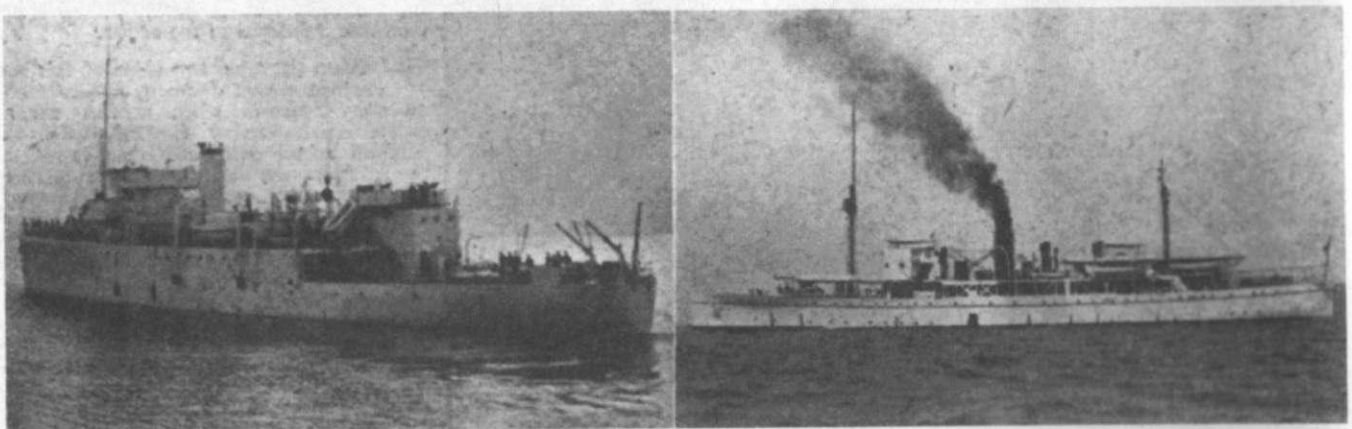
For the big task on the other side of the world, Commander Oom organized his small force with all the scientific exactitude that accompanied his own peacetime surveys. The ships, with their special gear, included H.M.A.S. Moresby, Shepparton, Benalia, Warrego and Polaris. Their commanders, and those who served in them, knew that they would have to face offensive action by the Japanese, because, first, they would be working ahead of the Allied invading forces, and, secondly, the enemy could not fail to recognize the importance of what these little ships were doing.

There were other handicaps, too. Every day was valuable and much of their labour had to be done during periods of intense heat. Heavy responsibilities rested on the men in the engine-rooms. If there was a breakdown or a ship was disabled in any way, there was not only increased danger for those who served in her, but she became a big liability on the rest of the small fleet. With their eyes open to all this, the Australian hydrographers went forth with hundreds of miles of enemy controlled sea ahead of them.

IT did not take the Japanese long to discover that "the pathfinders" were out, mapping the way for the big forces that were to thrust up towards the centre of the Jap empire. There were attacks by aircraft and, although every effort was made to give protection to the survey ships, the hydrographers had to be as ready to man their guns as they were to make their soundings. For those actually engaged on the survey there could be no distraction. Every echo had to be carefully recorded, and it is probable that the total number of recordings taken ran into millions.

And when the record books were full, every sounding had to be entered with the utmost exactness on the big charts. Sheet by sheet, as the little ships advanced more than a thousand miles along the northern coast of New Guinea, the figures shaded the sea areas and the deep-water channels became apparent. Not content with this magnificent contribution to the great return of Allied sea power in the south-west Pacific, the survey men put down buoys to mark rocks and other dangerous obstructions. Sometimes the Japanese came out and destroyed these markers, but the tireless hydrographers always returned to mark afresh the dangers of the seas.

HOW the big ships followed in the wake of these heroic little vessels of the Royal Australian Navy is now a matter of history. When the immense strides of the advance began there was only one enemy to be faced—the Japanese. The uncharted seas, which might have proved an equally dangerous enemy, had already been beaten. H.M. the King has recognized the work of the Australian hydrographers with a number of awards to all ranks. Commander Oom receives the O.B.E. (Mil.). The D.S.C. goes to Commander C. G. Little, R.A.N., Lieut. Commanders S. F. Bolton, R.A.N., D. T. Gale, R.A.N., C. R. K. Roe, R.A.N., G. D. Tancred, R.A.N., Lieutenants C. H. McGee, R.A.N.R., H. M. Knight, R.A.N.V.R., and C. L. Crook, R.A.N.V.R. A D.S.M. and other awards have been granted to ratings.



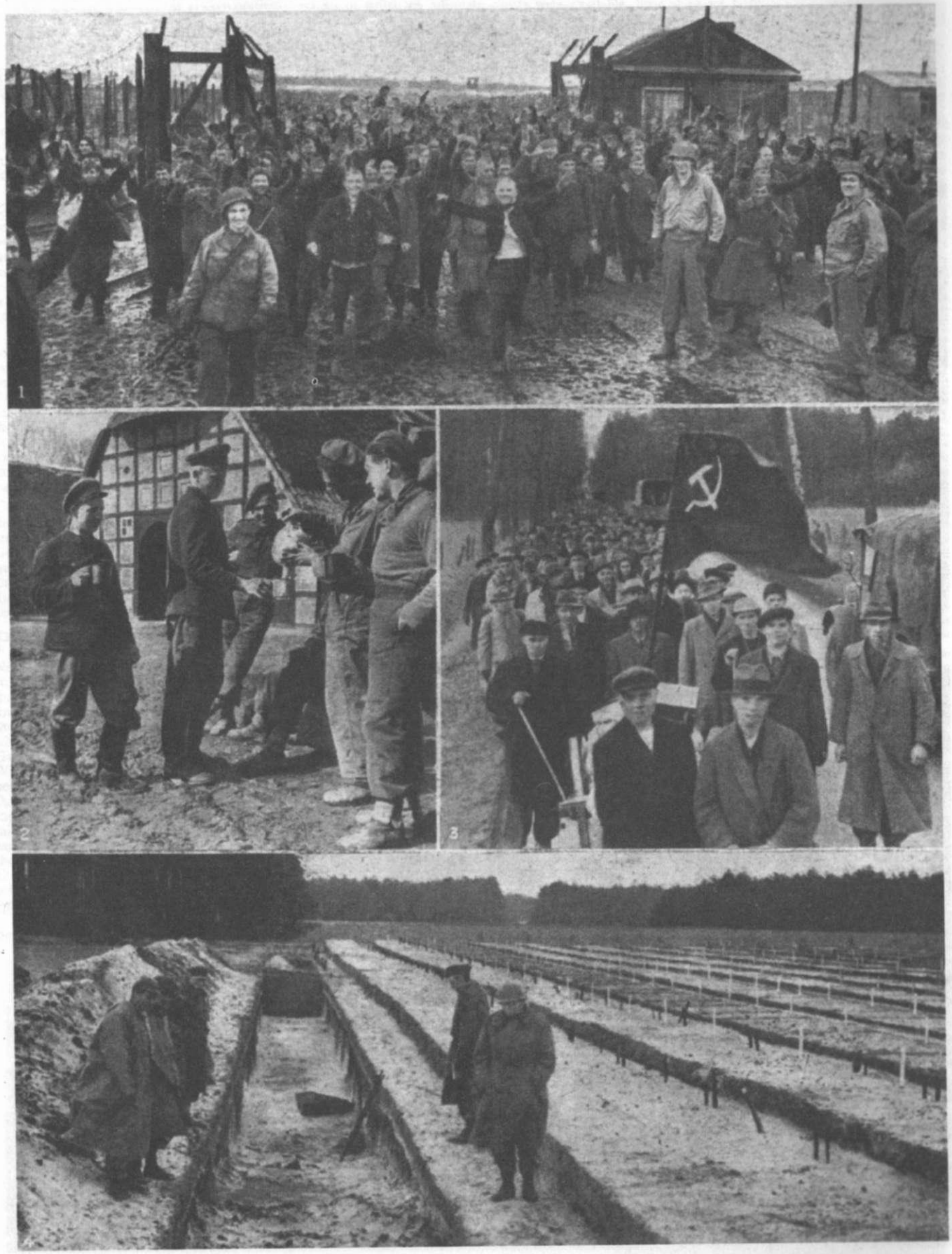
H.M.S. FRANKLIN, 850-TON SURVEY SHIP of the Royal Navy (left) in which Commander K. E. Oom, chief hydrographer of the Royal Australian Navy, saw service. H.M.A.S. Moresby (right), 1,320 tons, combining minesweeping with surveying since the commencement of the war, is one of the famed "little ships" of the Royal Australian Navy whose soundings in the hitherto uncharted Pacific—as described in this page—have helped to pave the way for the ultimate invasion of the Japanese mainland.

New Soviet Tactics Saved Austrian Capital

VIENNA WAS CAPTURED BY THE RED ARMY, little damaged, in less than a week (finally cleared on April 13, 1945), thanks to new tactics by Marshals Malinovsky and Tolbukhin. Instead of advancing along the streets and there engaging in fighting, the Russians moved through spacious courtyards, smashing down walls to neutralize enemy firepoints. The Parliament House, seen (top) with Soviet artillery rumbling by, was unscathed. Red Army troops laid a wreath on the memorial to Johann Strauss of "Blue Danube" fame (bottom).

Photos, Pictorial Press, Planet News

Restored to the Freedom They Had Fought For—



OVER 9,000 RUSSIANS WERE RELEASED AT ESELHEIDE, between Münster and Hamm, on April 2, 1945. Wild with joy (1) they broke through the gates of Stalag 326 following the swift advance of the British 6th Guards' Tank Brigade and the U.S. 17th Airborne Division. Two Russian soldiers shared a cup of tea (2) with their British liberators. Freed Russian "slaves" (3) tramped to the repatriation centre, as U.S. officers inspected the trench-like communal graves of 30,000 Soviet victims of privation (4).

Photos, British Official: Keystone

—Allied Ex-Prisoners Hit the Homeward Trail

AWAITING THE BLIGHTY-BOUND PLANES, BRITISH EX-PRISONERS rested on a wrecked Nazi airfield (top) after their rescue from Oflag 12B at Lollar, near Giessen, which troops of the U.S. 3rd Army overran on March 28, 1945. At Soest, 15 miles south-east of Hamm, Maj.-Gen. Henry Twaddle, commanding the 95th Infantry Division of the U.S. 9th Army, on April 7 took the salute from 4,000 liberated French officers (bottom), many of them prisoners for five years.

Photos, British Official, Keystone

ROOSEVELT January 30, 1882 April 12, 1945 A TRIBUTE

by JAMES LANSDALE HODSON

FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT, four times President of the United States—a burden no man had ever borne so long and which no man will ever endure for so many years again—was one of the great men of our time. Great in his statesmanship and vision, in his fight for the downtrodden and oppressed, in his personal courage.

Because of this the world is right to mourn him, for the world is darkened by his loss. But we in this country mourn him for other and additional reasons. Without the generous help of the United States, and the United States led by Franklin Roosevelt as none other could have led it, we might not have held out against Hitler when we stood alone through that long year in 1940–41. This was friendship in excelsis. It is true, of course, that we were fighting not only for ourselves but for men everywhere who prize dignity and freedom. Had we been overthrown, it is probable that in due time the United States would have fallen to Nazism also. We stood and the earth abided.

IT was Roosevelt's genius that, being 2,000 miles farther from the peril than ourselves, he saw what it meant as clearly as we did. And he acted accordingly. I have met those in America who believe that when Mr. Churchill was about to take office as Prime Minister, he rang up the President, who told him plainly that he, the President, would be behind him. Whether that is true or not, we know that within six days of the fall of France we began to receive on these shores the first of those 80,000 machine-guns, those millions of rounds of rifle ammunition, those old French 75s that were the first flowing of the rivulet that swelled to a mighty river of munitions and materials and food that have run to us across the broad Atlantic from that day onwards. In due time we sent a river flowing back, reverse Lend-Lease. But it does not diminish what America did for us, America led by Roosevelt.

How Should We Have Borne It?

Of course, when one looks at Roosevelt's career it is not surprising that he acted in this way. He was born wealthy and of what may be called America's aristocracy. Gay, gifted, clever, educated at Harvard, rather dilettante in politics and affairs, he yet had instinctive roots and feelings. He became a Democrat, and Democrats, although a mixed party with rich and poor in it, stand rather more with the workers than with the financiers and bankers. Broadly, Roosevelt was a Liberal. When he was 40 years old and was already known as a coming man he was stricken with infantile paralysis, this disease which made his legs almost useless to him. If you and I ask ourselves how we should have borne it, whether we should have refused to be dismayed, whether we could have struggled on in the arena of politics with its strains, its trials, its humiliations, its giving and taking of heavy and sometimes dirty verbal blows (for America is a violent nation), then we may know what a conquest of spirit it was for Franklin Roosevelt to do what he did. For he fought on and triumphed. Twelve years later he was President.

But what a time it was to go to the White House! Again, a lesser man might have quailed. For that great nation of 120,000,000 people was lying like a battered ship on a stagnant sea, a ship whose engines would not turn over. America had 16 millions of unemployed (and no State unemployment schemes such as ours to take care of them). The banks had almost foundered, agriculture was in ruins, and widespread despair was eating like a canker into men's hearts.

NOT in modern history has the loss of a great leader of men been so profoundly felt by all right-thinking humanity as the sudden death of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, when within sight of the final triumph of that herculean task to which he had so completely dedicated his life. We have invited a brilliant English journalist, but recently returned from the U.S.A., author of "And Yet I Like America," to write this special tribute to the memory of the greatest President since Lincoln.

Roosevelt began that series of measures known as the New Deal—to which many adjectives have been applied, such as courageous, fine, revolutionary, faulty, extravagant. But those measures restored some faith, they did something if not everything to put the United States back on her feet; and in such schemes as the T.V.A., which stopped soil erosion and flooding in Tennessee and made that valley more prosperous than ever before, they stand vindicated with a kind of splendour.

ROOSEVELT was not only leader of the party of Democrats in America; he was a leader of democrats, as we understand that word, throughout the entire world. Democracy was his faith. He believed in and fought for the common man; and the common man of America trusted him in return. Roosevelt saw with magnificent clearness that were Hitler and Mussolini and what they represented to succeed, then democracy would perish and with it all that British folk and Americans prize, yea, all that free men everywhere prize—independence of spirit, the dignity of man, and the sacredness of the individual. So that he, personally, was in the fight against Hitler from the first. While America was still neutral he said: "Even a neutral cannot be asked to close his mind or his conscience."

Before war began he had spoken of the ugly truculence of autocracy, and of those who were threatening a breakdown of all international law and order. It was plain who he meant. When war threw its black shadow over the earth he took, in succession, bold measures that followed inexorably one on the heels of the other—amended the Neutrality Act, sent us 50 over-age destroyers in exchange for air bases, invented Lend-Lease, dispatched troops to Iceland, guarded more and more of the Atlantic, and in August 1941 began that series of historic meetings with Mr. Churchill which, following on this first one where they compiled the Atlantic Charter, were to take Roosevelt to Casablanca, Teheran and Yalta, bring these two men into close living contact in four continents and during 120 days, and to result, from the war's early days to Roosevelt's death, in an exchange of messages numbering 1,700. (It was at Casablanca he first used the phrase Unconditional Surrender.)

HE saw the path that America ought to take and, holding up his own torch, guided her along it. Doing so, he rendered another enduring service. He clothed his vision, from time to time, in statements and speeches of singular power and nobility—as, for example, when he spoke of the Four Freedoms, freedom of speech and writing, freedom of worship, freedom from want and freedom from fear. This speech was to illuminate men's minds almost as brightly as passages in the Declaration of Independence and Lincoln's address at Gettysburg; it was in the line of descent. He was thinking not only of the freedom of Americans or Englishmen but of Poles and Chinese, of Africans and Australians, of all men apart from race or colour or creed.

WAS this man, then, respected, admired and loved by all Americans in his time—did he command the almost universal admiration in the United States that Churchill does here? By no means. One of his reputations has been that of being "the best-hated man" ever to occupy the White House. His enemies said he was vain, a poor administrator, the perfect politician who didn't know what truth was, that he could never sack anybody, that he was a prima donna, that he kept in office by courting Negroes and Labour and blandishing the downtrodden. We may note the charges without taking them too seriously. America is a violent country and politics is a violent business. Business and money-making are idealized and any man who thinks human beings count higher than dollars is bound to make enemies. But even as Roosevelt was widely hated so was he widely loved. He was returned to power time after time by the inarticulate millions who ignored the newspapers' advice—for more than three-fourths of the Press was usually against him. He could inspire affection just as he could give affection; he took affection to his meetings with Mr. Churchill and other leaders and could bring it away in return.

Wit and Humour and Blarney

During even a brief meeting with him, one could perceive this power. His face was strong but fine, with no atom of coarseness in it; the eyes were bluish grey, the forehead noble, and when he shook hands you saw the hands were as distinguished as the face. When I met him he had a trick of puffing out his cheeks and pursing his mouth—a trick that might have been a nervous trick—but he could control a Press conference in masterly fashion, using wit and humour and blarney and, when desirable, being grave and even piercing in his answers.

HIS enemies said he left papers on his desk unattended for long periods, but, in truth, no man could have borne his burden without possessing an immense capacity for work. One item: every day he signed a hundred or two hundred State documents. He was Commander-in-Chief; first citizen; holding powers in some respects near to a dictator's. In private he could be jovial and mix a cocktail that was dynamite. A score of Washington newspapermen feel a really personal friend has gone. He was Mr. President to them, but a lot of them were Christian names to him.

It was his privilege to harness a fight for the downtrodden to the fight to restore America's prosperity; to harness his fight for democracy and the common man to the fight against the greatest evil—Hitlerism—we have known in our time or our father's time. Nobly he did it. As one of the Three—Roosevelt, Churchill, Stalin—he had already achieved military conquest. But his other great task is unfinished—to help to weld the world into a unity for peace that none will dare break. He saw the need for that as clearly as he saw the other two perils. The lesson is for us who survive to carry on the Torch, and the road lies by way of ever stronger and better relations with America on the one hand and Russia and China on the other. What each of us can do seems small; but it is worth doing. In a war in which so many of our best men have perished, he has given his life alongside them in the same cause. It is for us who survive to make the new world worthy of them.

Heart of the Empire Mourns America's President

IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL BRITAIN PAID TRIBUTE to the memory of President Roosevelt at a solemn memorial service on April 17, 1945. Among those who had assembled to mourn the loss of the great American statesman were Their Majesties the King and Queen, Princess Elizabeth, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Prime Minister and Cabinet, Dominion leaders, high officers of the British and U.S. Services, Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, King Haakon of Norway, King George of Greece, and King Peter of Yugoslavia. *Photo, P.N.A.*

Scandinavia's Post-War Position and Policy

It may be said, without any reflection on his good sense, that the average reader is not too well informed concerning the present or the future of the chief Baltic countries which have played such widely different rôles in this war—Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Finland—but in the coming resettlement of Europe their importance cannot be overstated. This article, which has been written at the suggestion of the Editor by Mr. HENRY BAERLEIN, will help the reader to a better understanding of the problems awaiting solution in Scandinavia and the Baltic generally.

THERE used to be some idea that a Scandinavian Federation would be very desirable from every point of view, since the three Scandinavian realms would thus strengthen their international position. This view the statesmen of those countries no longer hold, for they have no quarrel with Russia and no desire to antagonize her. This they might do by coming together in such a Federation, or by adhering to an Atlantic Union.

If, unhappily, we are going to see the formation of West and East blocks, then it will be necessary for the Scandinavians to continue with their old policy of neutrality, avoiding a too close association with either side. They intend to keep out of such blocks, always excepting that of an international peace organization.

There was a time—not so far distant—when Sweden and Finland, owing to the many conflicts of the past, were filled with suspicion of Russia. The moderation which Russia has displayed towards Finland, despite the grave injury done her in recent years by the subservience of the now discredited Finnish rulers to the Germans, has had an excellent effect in Sweden.

The reparations Finland will have to make are onerous, and understandably so, for Russia has demanded not merely wood and the other ordinary Finnish products, but machinery and ships that will oblige the Finns to borrow capital in Sweden. Be it noted here that Swedish credits for reconstruction amount now to nearly 20 per cent of her annual income. Most of her neighbours are in need of much reconstructive work.

SCANDINAVIA AND THE BALTIC. Map illustrating the geographical relationship of the North European countries whose post-war position is discussed in this page.

WHAT the Swedes desire is the establishment of firm trade relations with Russia, from whom they wish to import flax, hemp, linseed, and so forth, while Russia wants to purchase Swedish electric machinery and railway rolling stock. Arrangements to send vast quantities of wood-pulp to Britain from Sweden have already been made, but cargoes of this bulk cannot slip through on those small, swift vessels whose runs from Sweden to this country have aroused such admiration.

KING GUSTAV V of Sweden, 87 years old in June 1945, has been a monarch for over 37 years—a record for his country. Still an ardent tennis player, he is seen being congratulated by a Swedish girl. *Photo, Planet News*

There used to be some notion that, while the Norwegians are a most democratic people, the Swedes are not, and that they incline towards totalitarian ideals. There can be no greater mistake. Less than two per cent of the Swedes are pro-Nazi; their champion, the old explorer Sven Hedin, is now a very lonely person in Stockholm. At the last General Election to the Riksdag in 1940, when the Germans were at the height of their success, the Swedish Nazis did not dare to put up a single candidate. The present Government is a coalition, predominantly Social-Democratic, and embracing all parties except the Communists, who with 15 members out of 230 are now fairly strong, and, of course, full of enthusiasm for any closer connexion with Russia.

A FORMAL union between all the Scandinavian countries does not appear to them to bring with it any great advantages. But they are resolved on the most intimate co-operation. For instance, Sweden will give all possible assistance in the rehabilitation of Norway. It is not yet known how much will be required, though the Germans have threatened to destroy every harbour, power-station and factory in Norway. Anyhow, in Denmark it seems that Sweden's task will be easier; there, less fighting and bombing have taken place, though sabotage has caused a good deal of devastation.

Instead of a formal federation, a monetary and customs union is within the range of possibilities. There is also a very strong feeling for the removal of labour barriers, so that anyone in search of work shall be free to go from his own Scandinavian country to any other country. Before this war a start had been made to standardize the equipment and co-ordinate the war industries of these northern countries; and this will be taken up again and further developed, as one branch of the economic co-operation that is the aim of all Scandinavians.

With regard to the attitude of these countries to the post-war Germany, it seems doubtful as to whether Norway or Denmark will have men to spare for the occupation of that country. Sweden, as a non-belligerent, will not be called upon to do so, though she may be asked to police the areas of plebiscites, as she did in the Saar after the 1914–18 war. But problems will arise owing to the non-existence of an active and productive Germany. Fortunately the Polish coal-mines have not been injured, and if transport can be found we may soon see shipments taking place from Poland's new port of Danzig.

Kiel Canal Internationalized?

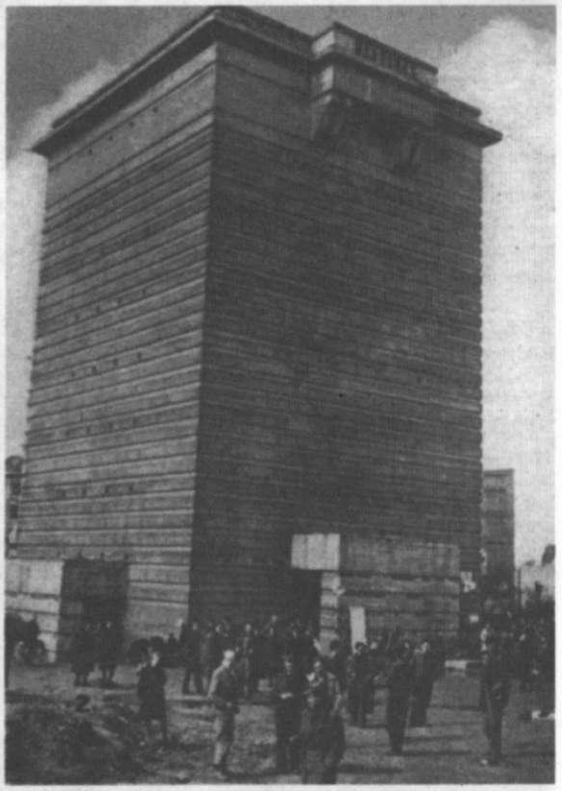
As for measures for the future security of these regions: in 1918, despite the defeat of Germany, the Baltic remained a German inland sea. Versailles reduced the German navy so that it could not compete with the navies of the Western Powers on the high seas, but it left it strong enough to make the Danish straits inaccessible and to rule the Baltic. The annexation of Slesvig-Holstein in 1866 had eliminated the chance of that province being used by an enemy for an attack on Germany, while the Kiel Canal doubled the strength of the German fleet by enabling it, unseen and unmolested, to pass into the North Sea or the Baltic.

By her control of the Baltic, Germany has been able to separate Western Europe from the East, the industrialized regions that would be an arsenal of any anti-German coalition from Eastern Europe, the reservoir of man-power and raw materials. (Of course, in this war such considerations have become rather out of date, owing to Russian industry in the Urals and beyond, and because of the man-power of the United States, a condition of affairs which the Nazis protest against as utterly unfair.)

The Kiel Canal will have to be internationalized after the war. Russia, Poland and Czechoslovakia are greatly concerned in maintaining this direct communication with Western Europe, while Britain will need to have this route to Central Europe. Both commercial and political considerations will therefore call for a mixed defence of the Baltic route. Not only will Germany have to surrender Bismarck's loot of Slesvig-Holstein, but islands in the Baltic and the North Sea, where military bases must be created to control German ports and protect Denmark and the rest of Scandinavia from another invasion. Airfields will have to be at the disposal of the occupying Powers.

DENMARK will understand the geopolitical similarity between Egypt, the Republic of Panama and herself. The Allied Powers cannot allow these canals to fall under enemy influence; and there are reasons to believe that Denmark, after the experiences of this war, will realize that the Powers concerned cannot allow Germany, because of Denmark's weakness, to control straits which are so important to the security of Europe. She will therefore, one supposes, grant necessary rights in her territory to the Powers capable of maintaining the defence of that region.

Slesvig-Holstein, owing to its size and position, would be the natural centre of the whole system. Use would be made of the various islands in the North Sea and the Baltic, while the Danish island of Bornholm could be an intermediary base; its size and position make it suitable for the anti-invasion defence of Sweden and for the naval and air protection of convoys passing to and fro



Photos, British Official, Keystone

No More are Our Bombers Interested in Hamm

Heavy bomber raids on Münster's railway yards and sidings caused vast damage: a locomotive and tender reacted to one bomb in this grotesque fashion (1). The town, administrative centre of Westphalia, was entered by Allied troops on April 2, 1945. After many visits the R.A.F. used 10-ton bombs on the famous marshalling yards at Hamm, railway nerve-centre in the Ruhr, where civilians took refuge in this massive concrete shelter (2); the town (3) was finally cleared on April 6.

The R.A.F. Went Many Times to Essen and—

Remains of the great Krupps plant, a prime target in the Ruhr, were taken over by the U.S. 9th Army on April 9, 1945. Bomber Command had already been there—with 14 saturation raids. A 1,000-lb. bomb hurled the bronze statue of frock-coated Herr Alfred Krupp (1812–1887) from its granite plinth to the bottom of a crater (1). No complete gun of any kind left the works after the raid of July 26, 1944: one of the many unfinished pieces (2).

Photos, British Official

—Left Krupps Armament Works Like This

Covering an area of 2½ miles by 1,500 yards, the factory, with its 50,000 workers, turned out high-grade steel—at one time 42,000 tons a day—and guns, locomotives, crankshafts for aero engines, and other armaments. After the last R.A.F. raid, in daylight on March 11, 1945, production ceased entirely. This air view of the tangled devastation that was Krupps shows no sign of life: the power, if not the will, to give birth to more death is crushed.

Both Sides of the Picture in Beaten Germany

Photos, British Newspaper Pool, Keystone

The Nazi military machine loses its cogs in very large numbers and with great rapidity: above are a few of the 2,000,000 prisoners taken by the Allies between the Normandy landings and April 1945. At a ceremonial parade (top) the same American flag which flew over Fort Ehrenbreitstein during the Occupation after the last war, was hoisted there again on April 6, in the presence of Gen. Omar Bradley; in the background is Coblenz, and the Moselle where it joins the Rhine.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

Of Vital War Books

by Hamilton Fyfe

High Adventure in the Desert War

"WAR is hell!" said Sherman, one of the most famous American generals of last century, and in a broad way everyone would now admit that to be true. But for some few who take part in it war provides a good deal of fun. If, as Alan Moorehead once put it, a man "has a taste for piracy and high adventure," war offers him opportunities which he could not hope for in peacetime.

Moorehead was writing about a force that operated in North Africa, leading a life of its own, engaged on duties that had to be kept secret, contributing valuably all the time to the defeat of the Nazis and Italians which was completed in Tunisia. At the time Moorehead wrote, very little could be told about this force, but now the censorship has been lifted and in Long Range Desert Group (Collins, 12s. 6d.) Major W. B. Kennedy Shaw, who was its able Intelligence Officer, tells almost the whole story of its doings between 1940 and 1943.

It is not altogether creditable to our military chiefs. Neither at the War Office nor at British headquarters in Cairo was the need for a force of this rapidly moving daredevil kind foreseen. "Had the Germans been in our place," says Major Kennedy Shaw, "would they not have seen war with Italy as at least a very considerable probability" and have gathered together men who knew the desert well already, so that they might be ready when the moment came? One of these men who had done a great deal of exploration in Libya was Major (now Brigadier) Bagnold. Three times Bagnold had to suggest that such a force should be formed. Only after Italy had come into the war was his scheme accepted. He set to work to collect men and machines for the task. One of the first he roped in was the author of Long Range Desert Group.

He also secured the loan of a number of New Zealanders, and "there can be no doubt whatever that much of the early and continued success of L.R.D.G. was due to the speed and thoroughness with which the New Zealanders learned desert life and work." There was a great deal to be learned even by these Dominion farmers "with a maturity and independence not found in Britishers of similar age, and with that inherent superiority which in most of a man's qualities the countryman will always have over the townsman." They had to master not only the technics of desert warfare but the art of keeping alive, of overcoming "the appalling difficulties of Nature—heat, thirst, cold, rain, fatigue."

HEAT was probably most trying of all. When a certain wind blows over the sand . . .

> You don't merely feel hot, you don't merely feel tired, you feel as if every bit of energy has left you, as if your brain was thrusting its way through the top of your head and you want to lie down in a stupor till the accursed sun has gone down.

Scarcity of water, dust storms, a glare that "shrivels you to a cinder in summer and puts but little warmth into the winter winds," were worse enemies than the Italians, worse even than the Nazis. In some places flies were "beyond belief," though camp cleanliness could keep them down. "Scorpions and snakes added to the hazards of existence." Air attack was the one real danger from man. To take cover in the desert is impossible unless there are rocks or gullies into which a car can be wedged. But if the aircraft could be heard or seen while you were out on the flat, the thing to do was to stop. A motionless vehicle is very hard to spot from the air. Unfortunately, some cars were spotted by R.A.F. planes and mistaken for an enemy patrol.

The first task the L.R.D.G. undertook was to watch what the Italians were doing in the interior of Libya. They were, as a rule, doing nothing. The Italians had no maps of their own territory—at any rate, none which were of any use to them, or to us when we captured them. They were purely imaginary. "The mountains were all high, as became the dignity of Fascist Italy. Making our way anxiously towards an obviously impassable range of hills, we would find we had driven over it without feeling the bump." One outstanding example of this was a map supposed to represent a place called Jalo. The map-maker, an officer of the Survey Department, was, says the author sarcastically, "a realist I am sure. Jalo, he felt, was a one-eyed hole, of which no map was really needed. The sand was soft and the day was hot, so why worry? He put his feet up on the mess table, shouted for another drink, and drew his map." Its inaccuracies were so absurd that it might have been thought to be a ruse to mislead our forces, but "it seems hardly likely the Italians were thinking of that as long ago as 1931!"

THE author shows nothing but contempt for Mussolini's troops. They tried to win the war by using catchwords, slogans, hot-air phrases. Everywhere on forts, barracks, houses were such words as "Believe, obey, fight!" . . . "The Duce is always right" . . . "With the Duce we shall conquer." But few of them put up much of a fight even when there were 500,000 of them against about 10,000 of us. Their officers simply did not know what to do with them.

Very different were the French—"these outlaws from France, the officers of the Senegalese Fusilier Regiment from Lake Chad; reckless, gay in spite of their misfortunes, and with one object in life—to get their teeth into the Boche."

> Yet for all their dash and courage one could not but notice some of the traits which must have helped to bring France to the Armistice in 1940, a spirit of *je m'enfoutisme* about the dull things like discipline, good Q-work, and the maintenance of vehicles, aircraft and equipment, which go so far to win modern battles.

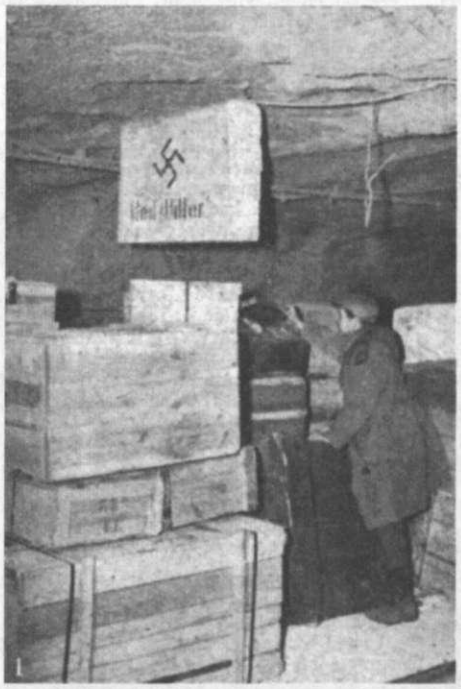
THE Q problem—that is, the problem of supplies for the L.R.D.G.—was handled by a New Zealander named Barrett, a forty-year-old lawyer in peacetime, with magnificent ability. He had a very difficult task. Instead of sending twenty or thirty miles for what he needed, which was the usual distance for ordinary units, he had to send two or three hundred. Where other Quartermasters thought in days, he had to think in weeks or months. Yet he never failed the Desert Group. They got pretty nearly all they asked for, including sheepskin coats and sandals such as are worn on the Indian North-West Frontier. Wearing these on their feet, with month-old beards thick with sand and a month's dirt, since the water ration allowed none for washing; with skin burned to the colour of coffee, and clad only in a pair of torn shorts, they "looked like creatures from some other world."

Keeping the Group supplied with petrol was one bad headache in itself. "The loss by leakage was very high. Enough petrol must have been wasted in the Western Desert to run all the buses in London for months or years." Why was this? Because "the Army had unfortunately equipped itself in peacetime only for a war in England where petrol-pumps abound." The Germans used a strong, unleaking tin container with a good pouring lip, which was soon copied, but in the copying the pouring lip was forgotten or deliberately left out. So the German container was still the best.

That the Group did most useful work admits of no doubt. Commanders-in-Chief have thanked them profusely. Did they also get more fun out of life than men belonging to more ordinary units? Summing up, Major Kennedy Shaw puts on the credit side that they had the best food in the Middle East, their work was always interesting and often exciting, they were almost completely free from drills, guards and fatigues, and endured a minimum of being "mucked about." Against that was the strain of operating almost continually behind the enemy's lines, never returning to base for a long refit and rest, and suffering as a result from weariness, desert sores, and occasional irritation. It is clear that in spite of these heavy debit items a favourable balance was struck.

NEW ZEALAND PATROL of the famous Long Range Desert Group, the story of whose exploits in the Western Desert between 1940 and 1943 is revealed in the book reviewed in this page. Staffed by picked troops, all experts in guerilla tactics, these motorized columns performed magnificent deeds. *From a drawing by Captain Peter McIntyre (New Zealand Official artist) reproduced by courtesy of the New Zealand Government.*

All Reichsbank's Bullion Seized in Salt Mine



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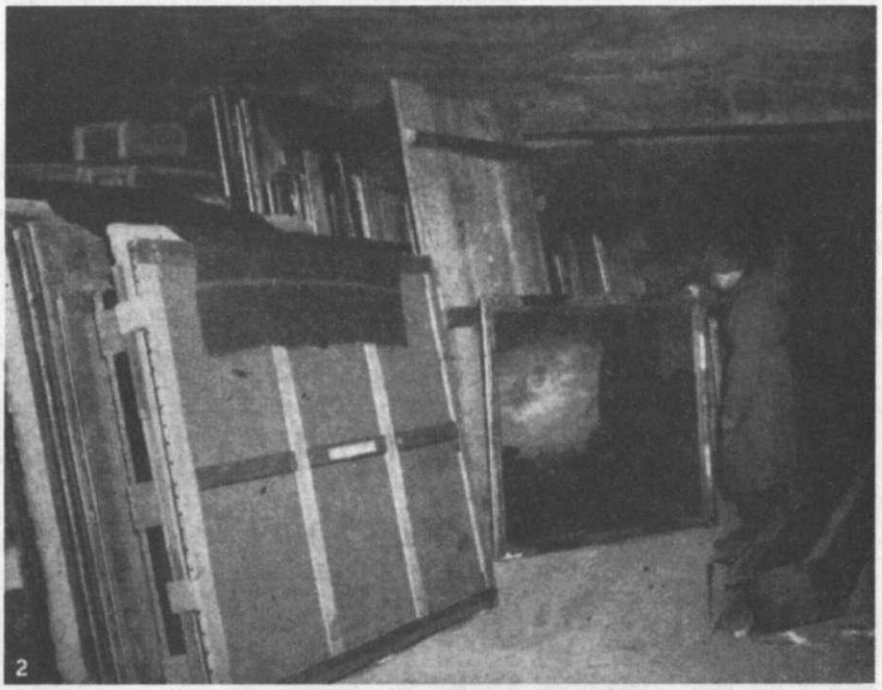

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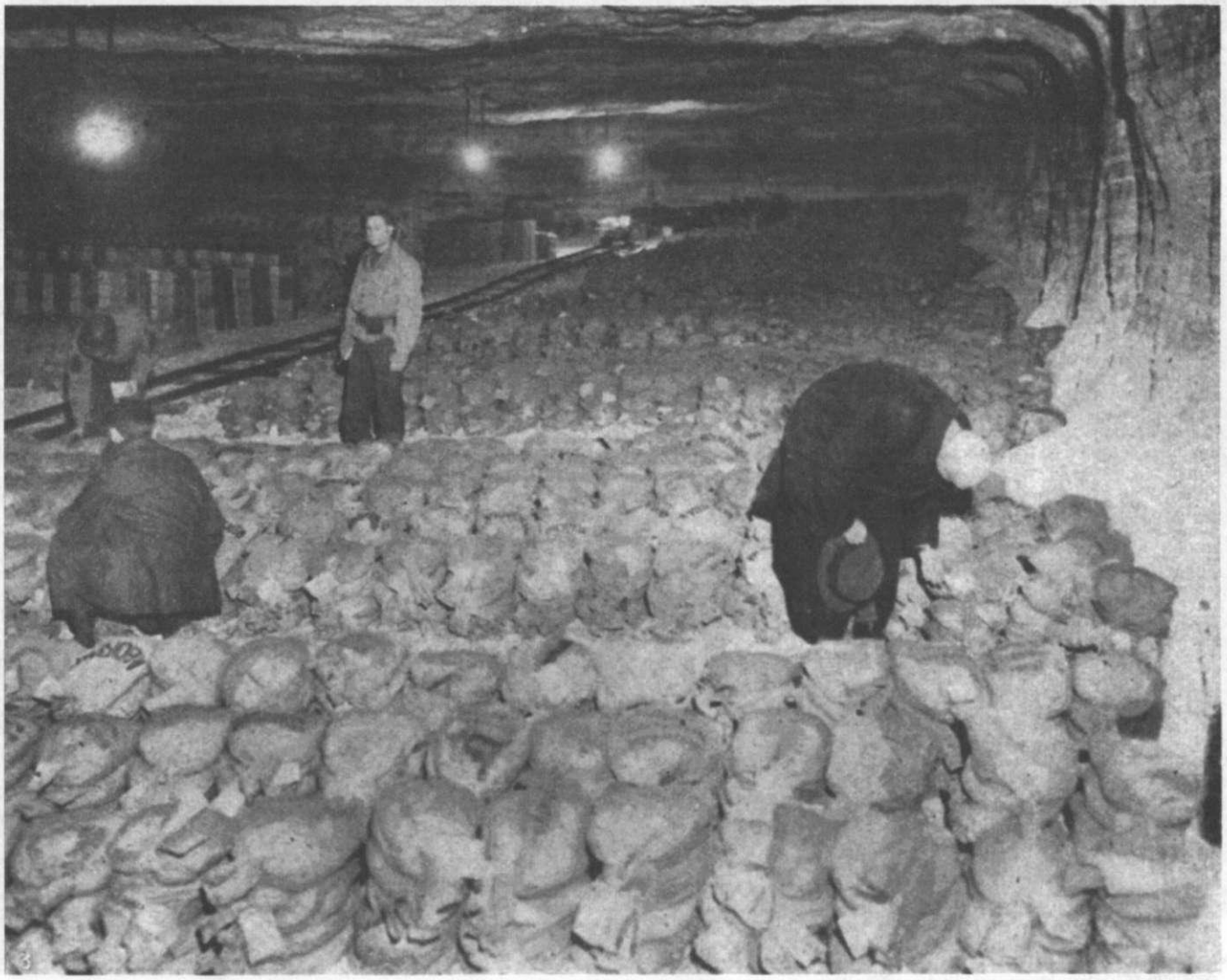


3

GERMANY'S ENTIRE GOLD RESERVE, millions of pounds in other currencies, and priceless art treasures, were seized by Gen. Patton's U.S. 3rd Army, in a salt mine 700 yards deep at Merkers, 30 miles south of Mulhausen, it was disclosed on April 8, 1945. An illuminated sign announced "Heil Hitler!" (1). A U.S. officer inspected valuable paintings (2) which had not even been crated; while a Reichsbank official, left in charge, helped troops to count the sacks of gold (3) which had been so craftily and carefully hidden away.

Photos, Sport & General, Associated Press

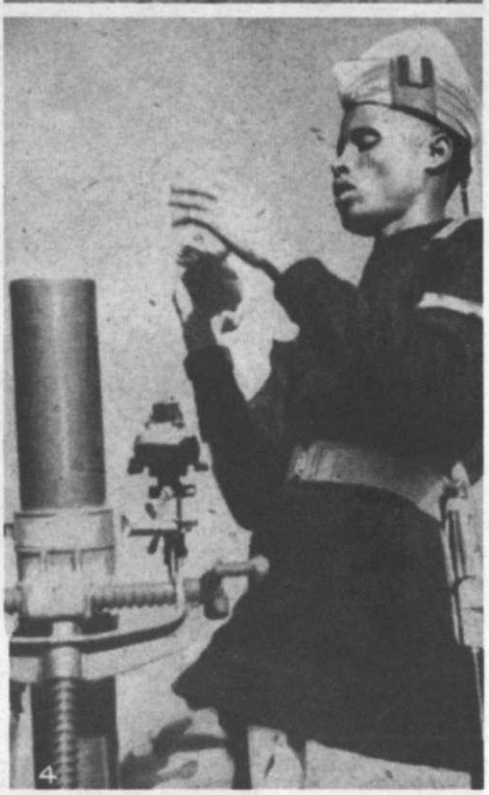
How the Airborne Men of Arnhem Were Avenged

THE FAMOUS BRIDGE at Arnhem (1), which the British 1st Airborne Division fought so valiantly to hold in September 1944, fell to our 2nd Army when the Netherlands town was cleared on April 15, 1945, after the bridge had been blown up by the Nazis. Against this final assault Arnhem was defended with the utmost ferocity; before our men reached the centre it had been set ablaze by the Nazis in retreat.

Armed with Sten guns, and against the background of a burning hotel (2), our troops had a tough task winkling-out snipers left to infest the smouldering ruins. Near the bridge, a Netherlands policeman laid flowers on the grave (3) of a British parachutist, killed in the September fighting, whose steel helmet crowns the simple wooden cross on which is inscribed in German, "An Unknown English Soldier." In readiness for the onslaught our troops embarked on landing craft (4) before sailing up the Rhine. (See also pages 366-370, Vol. 8.)

Photos, British Official, British Newspaper Pool, Associated Press

East Africa—Its Warriors Aid the Empire



MOBILE PROPAGANDA UNIT of East Africa Command became bogged in a rain-swollen river and had to be hauled ashore by men and oxen (1). This unit travelled nearly 60,000 miles in 2½ years, teaching more than 750,000 people how to help the war effort. It consists of 24 African Askaris led by two white officers and two N.C.O.s. A corporal of the King's African Rifles demonstrates (2) the uses, for war purposes, of the water buffalo; contrast between old and new East African warriors was emphasized by the striking figures of a Nyasaland Ngoni in tribal dress (3), and a Somali operating a 3-in. mortar (4). Askaris of the 11th E. African Division distinguished themselves at Kalemyo and Kalewa, on the Burma front. See also page 619, Vol. 7.

Photos, British Official

8th Army Men and Mules in Mountain Warfare

FIGHTING IN THE HEIGHTS OF NORTHERN ITALY, troops of the 8th Army were specially trained in mountain warfare. While pack-mules —seen above being loaded with supplies for forward positions—carried food and ammunition, each man of this battalion bore a pack of 100 lb. in addition to a Bren gun weighing 25 lb.—half the load carried by a mule. Bologna, opening the way to the central plains, fell on April 21, 1945, to the 5th and 8th Armies, who three days later forced a crossing of the River Po. See also story in p. 602, Vol. 8. *Photo, British Official*

From Arakan to Arnhem Their Valour Won V.C.s

Cpl. J. W. HARPER
In Holland on September 29, 1944, leading the assault by his platoon of the Hallamshire Battalion of the York and Lancaster Regiment against a strong enemy post and defying heavy spandau and mortar fire, Corporal Harper was mortally wounded. But the position was taken.

Capt. J. H. C. BRUNT, M.C.
During fierce counter-attacks against his battalion of the Sherwood Foresters in Italy on December 4, 1944, Capt. Brunt "was always to be found moving from one post to another, encouraging the men and firing any weapon he could find." He was killed next day.

Sqd.-Ldr. R. A. M. PALMER, D.F.C.
Bomber-pilot hero of over 100 dangerous missions, Squadron-Leader Palmer was missing after a hazardous daylight operation over Cologne in December 1944, when he led his formation to raid the marshalling yards. Utterly ignoring risk, he pressed home the attack, his plane ablaze.

L/Cpl. H. E. HARDEN
Against almost hopeless odds, this N.C.O. of the R.A.M.C. three times led a stretcher party to the rescue of Royal Marine Commandos wounded in action in north-west Europe on January 23, 1945, and brought them in. He was fatally wounded.

Sepoy BHANDARI RAM
In the Arakan on November 22, 1944, this young Sepoy of the 10th Baluch Regt., though severely wounded by bullets and grenade splinters, crawled to within five yards of a Japanese position, killing the occupants with a grenade and securing the enemy outpost.

Capt. L. E. QUERIPEL
On the road to Arnhem, Capt. Queripel of the 1st Airborne Division was last seen on September 19, 1944, covering the withdrawal of his men. Although badly wounded, he insisted on remaining behind, armed with only his pistol and a few grenades.

Fusilier DENNIS DONNINI
This 19-year-old private of the Royal Scots Fusiliers, though wounded in an assault on enemy positions between the Rivers Roer and Maas on January 18, 1945, with superb self-sacrifice drew the enemy fire from his comrades to himself. He died from wounds.

Flight-Sergeant G. THOMPSON
Trapped in a blazing Lancaster, in which he was the wireless operator, during the raid on the Dortmund-Ems Canal on January 1, 1945, he rescued two of his companions overcome with fumes and flames, later dying from his injuries.

Lieut. J. H. GRAYBURN
Ordered to seize and hold the Rhine bridge at Arnhem on September 18, 1944, Lieut. Grayburn of the Parachute Regiment, though badly wounded, for three days led his men "with supreme gallantry and determination." He was killed directing a withdrawal.

Photos, British Official, Gilbert Bowley, Daily Mirror, G.P.U., Topical Press

I WAS THERE! Eye Witness Stories of the War

The Germans Cringed to Us in Captured Hanover

This great provincial city of 250,000 Germans, 60,000 slaves and 300 British prisoners of war fell on April 10, 1945, to a company of U.S. infantrymen, and the Americans lost fewer than ten men in taking it. James Wellard's story is given by arrangement with The Daily Express.

WE drove into Hanover along the 80 ft. wide Reichsautobahn, which sweeps across the rolling countryside in two double lane traffic highways separated by a wide strip of grass. The Germans had only blown one bridge on the road, but snipers were still in the woods on either side. This was all the resistance we met going into this great city.

We travelled at 70 miles an hour until we came to the city limits. Here vast multitudes of slave workers were pouring out of the factories to welcome us. They had already acquired hundreds of bicycles and were starting down the road westwards. Some were riding in German cars until they ran out of petrol. Hundreds were swarming over the smashed marshalling yards looting the railway trucks of leather and canned foods.

They had raised the flags of Russia, Belgium and France in their concentration camps. In the heart of the city along the miles of streets I saw not one undamaged house, except for the great Rathaus (Town Hall). There are 60 deep shelters in the city and most of the remaining 250,000 civilians were still in them, not yet daring to come out. The American military governor, a young Jewish captain, Herbert Fried, of Chicago, told me that there is a minor epidemic of diphtheria and smallpox in the city.

DRIVING down one of Hanover's wide, rubble-lined streets I saw a company of 60 Germans marching west without a guard. In a public square 15 high-ranking officers lay on the grass, guarded by an American soldier. Other U.S. infantrymen were looking for General Lohring, who was reported to be hiding in a cellar.

Sniping, except for stray shots outside the city, was negligible. We drove all over Hanover without difficulty, welcomed with cheers and gifts from slave workers, who had practically taken over the city. Outside the Rathaus, where the Allied Military Government had just moved in, I met two British Tommies standing guard, on the orders of Captain Fried. The Tommies escaped yesterday from a British prisoners' camp along the road. One said, "My greatest moment was when Captain Fried told me to guard a German major who had just been brought in from a cellar!"

Inside the palatial town hall, where Oberburgermeister Bouenner worked, I saw a number of cringing Germans waiting outside Captain Fried's door. Most of them were in the smart green uniform of the German security police. They said they had come for orders and wished to work with the Americans. Captain Fried sent them out with their arms full of proclamations to stick up on walls.

The chief of the Nazi police still wore a Wehrmacht field cap, which, together with his Nazified uniform, looked to me like the wrong kind of garb to be wandering round Hanover in, as infantrymen with rifles cocked were still strolling through the town. Captain Fried said: "We have not had time yet to get them out of their uniforms. They will just have to hope for the best."

The Nazi police chief kept doffing his Wehrmacht cap to the young Jewish captain. The German was true to type and had a square, shining bald head and heavy face. He went off with his load of proclamations, which announced that the Americans had "come as conquerors." The police chief told us that 60 per cent of Hanover had been destroyed by bombing. All of us agreed this was an under-estimate.

THE food situation was said to be very bad —only enough for three days. Electricity was still on, so was water. There was one large military hospital with thousands of wounded, including Americans and British. Hanover's entire police force of 800 had been told by the Nazis to stay behind. They were almost crawling on their stomachs before Captain Fried and his three assistants.

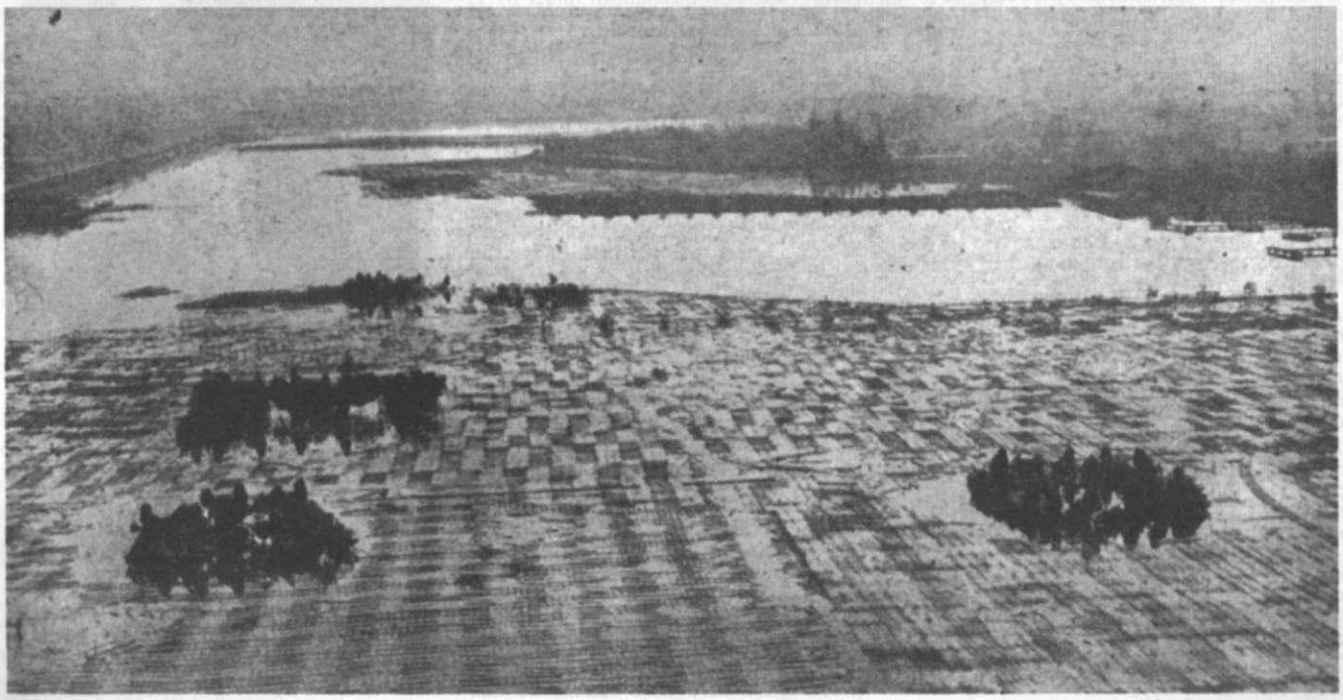
It appears that the Nazis are now abandoning even their high officials in their eagerness to get away, and in Hanover we have captured the entire administration and practically every piece of civilian and military machinery. So the city is full of Nazis.

The 300 British prisoners of war we found were in the notorious death march from Poland. They were all safe, though two days ago four men died of dysentery, and were left by the Germans unburied. Two prisoners told me their treatment during the last months had been "terrible and inhuman." Men were dying from dysentery and were given no adequate food or medical attention. These two were like skeletons.

I Saw World's Biggest Armament Plant in Ruins

Krupps was the most important part of Essen, the biggest city of the industrial Ruhr. It was knocked completely out of the war, when Ronald Knox, News Chronicle correspondent, visited the great works—a series of husks—and wrote this story on April 11. See also illus. pages 16-17.

WE walked, in the glorious sunshine of a clear spring day, through the almost indescribable destruction to which this vast factory had been reduced by bombing. Driving into the Ruhr, where the horizon is striped with tall chimneys, no longer smoking, you sniffed the wind, already heavy with the smell of gasworks, mines and burnt-out buildings and dead things. But on the green strips of earth amid the



AT HANOVER THE NAZIS CAMOUFLAGED A LARGE LAKE, the Machsee, by covering it with floating wooden slats strung closely together to resemble solid earth, and dotting this foundation with imitation trees. The ingenious, if laborious, ruse failed, however, to deceive the keen eyes of R.A.F. aircrews, and part of it was blown up. Hanover fell to troops of the U.S. 9th Army, who rode into it on captured enemy half-tracked vehicles. **See story above, and illus. page 4; also page 654, Vol. 8.**

Photo, British Official

INSIDE CAPTURED KRUPPS, Allied officers on a tour of inspection passed under a footbridge bearing a painted Nazi slogan—"Victory is Ours." *Photo, British Official*

factory wastes fruit trees blossomed in defiant beauty, and there were larks singing like mad overhead. The roads were lined with German people returning to their homes, wheeling or carrying their possessions, and with groups of released slave workers heading for their homes in many lands.

Essen itself was not easy to get at until you found the way, for many streets were blocked by railway bridges that had fallen into them and often the road bridges had fallen into the canals. This kind of German demolition has been on the grand scale. But we nosed a way through it at last, and drove under the trailing electric wires and past a covey of shattered trams into the wreckage of Essen. Essen is another story of a German city blasted and burned almost out of existence.

It was Krupps we had come to see, so we drove on through the rubble-blocked streets, where white flags hung from the windows. If we were not sure of the route there was always a German eager to direct us. How these people respect conquerors! When you reach the sprawling Krupp plant there is a sort of ornamental entrance at one side, something like the Admiralty Arch, in London, only in brick.

At the top of some steps there are the remains of a plinth on which stood a bronze Herr Alfred Krupp, 1812-1887. Alfred now lies flat on his back at the bottom of a large bomb crater beside the granite plinth. It is a fine monument in reverse (see illus. p. 16). After a visit to Alfred you come to the workshops. It is useless to go on attempting to describe endless destruction. Every one of the shops is wrecked.

The walls have fallen and everywhere steel girders, roofing, chimneys and machinery lie in tangled masses. You can see where repairs have been made and this reconstruction has in turn been wrecked. In places intricate machinery has been oiled, but most of it is broken, derelict and rusty. Huge masses of machinery for shaping steel in one way or another rear out of the wreckage.

Here and there a great gun barrel 60 feet in length stands rusting on its trestles. The picture of one shop is the story of them all, and there are one hundred of them. In the administration block, where all the offices are blast-wrecked, we found some of the company officials. We soon found that they remembered the dates of our bomb raids very, very well indeed.

One of the reasons for R.A.F. Bomber Command developing the system of sky marking and ground marking targets which could not be seen by the bomber crews was to get at Krupps. The plant had been bombed from March 1942, but it was not until the night of March 5-6, 1943, that the battle of the Ruhr really began. Krupps officials tell the rest of the story. Full-scale production ceased from March 5, 1943.

From then on repair work enabled production to be maintained at a varying level, but after October of 1944 only small-scale production was achieved in small parts of the works. Krupps were reduced to making parts and doing repairs. The 5,000-ton daylight raid by Bomber Command on March 11 last knocked out Krupps entirely except for some coal mining.

We found today that the gate-keepers were still guarding their gates and doors, if they were lucky to have a door or a gate left. The manager of the labour office who showed me some of the shops solemnly presented his pass, and the guardian solemnly examined it. We passed a group of grinning Russians.

THE manager gave them a glance which displayed unrest, and said the Russians were becoming dangerous. They had, he said, got hold of guns. Last night he had 1,000 bottles of wine. Now—with such a shrug—he had none. He was visibly hurt when I asked him whether he was aware what the Germans had done to the Russians, and that these Russians had been brought into Germany by the Germans.

He thought that the military should deal with them. At the end of our tour of defeat and destruction this manager faced us, stared hard through his thick glasses, and said, "You comprehend. I do all you want of me, but there is no peace between us. I shall do my duty to the end."

How I Helped to Clear Messina's Depth Charges

Disinclined to kill, a young physics master volunteered for bomb disposal work. Since then, as Lieut. John Bridge, R.N.V.R., he has achieved fame as the only holder of the George Cross and George Medal with Bar. His story is reproduced by courtesy of the London Evening News.

I WOULD certainly kill a German today and I would kill him with a great deal of satisfaction. It was my experience during the Plymouth blitz that completely altered my views. I was the second person to attempt to clear Messina Harbour of depth charges. The first was killed in the attempt.

I started my investigations of the depth charges on Wednesday, August 25, 1943. The point about these depth charges was that they contained a mechanism not previously encountered. Having located them successfully I sent for a diving suit, which arrived on Sunday night. I started diving early on Monday morning, cleared all the depth charges and succeeded in recovering two of them with their new mechanism intact by 11 o'clock on Thursday morning.

I learned my diving in South Africa. My longest spell was one of 20 hours. I did not suffer any particular discomfort. You see, when I am working on an important job I always feel 100 per cent fit and never get tired. I leave that to afterwards.

There wasn't very much shelling at the time. In fact, it never became necessary to suspend diving operations because of enemy shell-fire. I was the only man diving, but I had an assistant and a number of men working above water. Two of them got George Medals. One was Acting Petty Officer Woods, of London; the other, Able Seaman Thomas Peters, of Liverpool.

AS the result of clearing Messina Harbour we were able to work the ferry to the Italian beaches, which meant that three landing-ship tanks were got across safely. In view of the circumstances it was one of my most difficult jobs, but I don't regard it as the most dangerous. That was during the Plymouth blitz, when I spent two hours on a time-bomb that was ticking away all the time.

It was Lieutenant Bridge—so far referred to only as "a British Naval lieutenant"—whose courage prevented the Germans at Nijmegen from carrying out one of the most daring acts of the war. This was the German attempt on the night of September 28, 1944, to destroy the bridges spanning the River Waal and so cut communication between the British troops fighting north of the river and the supply areas south of it. Two twin-torpedoes of floating high-explosive charges, equipped with time fuses, were sent against the road bridge. Lieutenant Bridge stripped to his underpants and dived in after the first charge had exploded. He explored the piers supporting the bridge until he found the second charge, which was hauled out and rendered harmless a few seconds before it was timed to explode. And so the bridge was saved.

Lieut. JOHN BRIDGE, R.N.V.R., of Warrington, Lancs, whose courageous deeds have won him the unique distinction of being the only recipient of the George Cross and George Medal with Bar. Some of his exploits are recorded above. *Photo, Daily Mirror*

It was the first time this type of sabotage had been used. My main difficulty was to find where the charge was located.

We Are the Royal Navy's Pioneer Rocketeers

That is the unofficial title conferred upon Lieut.-Cmdr. C. W. T. Blackman, R.N.V.R., and Lieut. C. L. P. Moore, R.N.V.R., both associated with the Navy's rocket craft from the first experimental stage. Lieut.-Cmdr. Blackman, who took part in the invasion of Sicily, when these craft first went into action, tells his story, followed by Lieut. Moore.

WE were all a little nervous as to how the craft were going to behave in actual battle. With thousands of our invasion troops already approaching the beaches as we went in to saturate with high explosive enemy territory only a few hundred yards ahead of them, we knew there was not the slightest margin for error. We were the happiest men in the Navy after the success of the Sicilian operations, and we went on with a new-found confidence to repeat the success at Reggio, Salerno, Anzio and the South of France.

Not only the enemy were surprised by the new weapon. One naval captain taking part in the Sicilian invasion was overheard to remark "Thank goodness they're here, but what are they?" After their first performance the rocket craft were a source of inspiration to the troops in subsequent landings. It became a much safer proposition for them to put foot on enemy soil after they had seen enemy defences blown to pieces by the rocket salvos.

A BATTERY of 80-millimetre cannon, concealed in a wood, was giving our troops a great deal of trouble. We brought the rocket craft into position and poured our salvos into the trees. The effect was immediate. All opposition ceased and what few of the enemy survived could be seen scurrying like scared rabbits out of the wood. When a rocket craft goes into action all the ship's company, with the exception of the commanding officer who controls the firing mechanism from a protected position on the bridge, go below decks.

As the salvos are fired there is a deafening roar like that of an express train and a blinding sheet of red flame envelops the steel deck. Sometimes it is not possible to see the rockets reach their target because of the overhanging cloak of smoke and the choking cordite fumes. The decks would get red-hot from the back-fire but for the automatic water spray. After a succession of salvos the decks are steaming—with boiling water!

Interesting episodes in the early development of rocket craft were recalled by Lieut. Moore, who, as gunnery officer, has been concerned with the study and development of the rocket-firing apparatus both in experiments and actual battle:

We had no known gunnery rules to guide us in the behaviour of the new weapon. During the tests everybody was clad in asbestos suits. Now only one man remains above deck controlling the fire from the protection of something which looks like a telephone kiosk. We had a few casualties in those early days—one of them an Army colonel collaborating with the Royal Navy. Although he was sheltering behind the flash screen, the back-flash found him and whipped off his luxuriant moustache. All he suffered was a loss of dignity!

The first six rocket craft to go into battle made their own way for 3,000 miles from England to the scene of operations. One of the most anxious times for the ship's companies was not in battle at all.

They had to load up with rockets at a North African base. The heat was terrific and the rockets became so hot that the men had to handle them wearing gloves. The rockets were already fused ready for firing, but they were safe to handle so long as the temperature kept below 130 degrees. When the thermometer rose to 127 degrees a strange silence fell over the loading party, but they went on working as though no danger threatened. Fortunately, the thermometer did not rise further and the job in due course was completed.

For the practice shoot preceding the Sicilian invasion a small island in the Mediterranean was chosen as target. The only difficulty was presented by the sole occupants, an aged man and his wife who had never left the island and refused to do so when requested by the Navy! Compromise was reached when the couple transferred themselves and their possessions to the other side of the island—and stayed there until the completion of the shoot.

AS to the rocket crafts' part in the D-Day assault on the Normandy beaches, in the space of three or four minutes one flotilla fired such an immense number of rockets that practically all enemy resistance was wiped out on that particular sector. And we ran in so close to the shore during the assault on Walcheren that the six-in. guns of an enemy battery, although at maximum depression, were unable to hit us. But after firing our rockets we had to run the gauntlet.

We crammed on so much speed in making our getaway that the exhaust heat in some of the craft burned holes in the funnels. Only one craft, which struck a mine, was lost, but some of the others were so peppered with shot that they looked more like colanders.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

APRIL 11, Wednesday *2,048th day*

Western Front.—9th Army reached the Elbe near Magdeburg and entered Brunswick. Coburg captured by 3rd Army. 7th Army entered Schweinfurt. Canadians captured Deventer and made assault crossing of Ijssel.

Air.—Allied bombers attacked rail targets, airfields and oil storage depots in southern Germany.

Russian Front.—In Vienna, Soviet troops forced the Danube canal.

Italy.—8th Army troops broke out from Senio bridge-head and reached River Santerno.

General.—Von Papen, former German Chancellor, captured in Ruhr pocket.

APRIL 12, Thursday, *2,049th day*

Western Front.—9th Army crossed the Elbe, S.E. of Magdeburg. Weimar and Neustadt occupied by 3rd Army; Erfurt cleared. Troops of 2nd Army captured Celle. 7th Army took Heilbronn.

Italy.—8th Army crossed Santerno River in strength.

Japan.—Super-Fortresses bombed aircraft works at Tokyo and industrial targets at Koriyama.

General.—President Roosevelt died suddenly.

APRIL 13, Friday *2,050th day*

Western Front.—Jena captured by 3rd Army, Duisburg by 9th.

Air.—U.S. fighters destroyed 266 German aircraft near Neumunster. R.A.F. bombed Kiel at night.

Russian Front.—Vienna captured by Marshal Tolbukhin's forces.

Japan.—Super-Fortresses made incendiary raid on Tokyo

Far East.—Carrier-aircraft of British Pacific Fleet attacked airfields on Formosa.

APRIL 14, Saturday *2,051st day*

Western Front.—Arnhem captured by British troops. Canadians entered Groningen. Dortmund cleared. 3rd Army captured Bayreuth.

France.—U.S. bombers made heavy attack on German positions in Gironde estuary.

Air.—R.A.F. bombers heavily attacked Potsdam.

APRIL 15, Sunday *2,052nd day*

Western Front.—In Holland, Canadian units reached North Sea. U.S. 1st Army captured Leuna.

France.—Land and sea attacks by French forces on Gironde pocket. 2nd Armoured Division entered Royan.

APRIL 16, Monday *2,053rd day*

Western Front.—Groningen surrendered to Canadians. 7th Army entered Nuremberg.

Air.—Lancasters bombed naval units at Swinemunde, sinking pocket-battleship Lützow.

Italy.—5th Army launched attack south of Bologna.

Burma.—Taungup, last Japanese coastal supply base in Arakan, captured.

Japan.—Tokyo again attacked by Super-Fortresses with incendiary bombs.

APRIL 17, Tuesday *2,054th day*

Air.—Allied bombers attacked railway targets near Dresden, Nuremberg and Pilsen, and oil depot near Prague. Mosquitoes made low-level attack on Gestapo H.Q. at Odense, Denmark.

Russian Front.—Soviet troops captured Austrian oil centre of Zistersdorf.

Japan.—Six airfields on Kyushu bombed by Super-Fortresses.

APRIL 18, Wednesday *2,055th day*

Western Front.—Canadian spearheads reached Zuider Zee. U.S. 3rd Army crossed Czech frontier. All Magdeburg west of Elbe fell to 9th Army. 1st Army entered Düsseldorf.

Netherlands.—German breached dyke west of Zuider Zee, causing floods in North Holland.

Air.—Nearly 1,000 R.A.F. bombers attacked Heligoland and airfield on Dune, and at night bombed railway yard at Komotau in Czechoslovakia.

Italy.—8th Army captured Argenta.

General.—Spanish Govt. prohibited landings of German aircraft.

APRIL 19, Thursday *2,056th day*

Western Front.—Leipzig finally fell to U.S. 1st Army. Resistance ended in Halle.

Air.—R.A.F. dropped 12,000-lb. bombs on Heligoland.

Russian Front.—Soviet High Command announced crossing of Neisse in Dresden direction, and setting up of bridge-head on Oder west of Kustrin. Polish troops captured Rothenburg.

Japan.—Mustangs made first attack on Atsugi air station, S.W. of Tokyo.

APRIL 20, Friday *2,057th day*

Western Front.—All organized resistance ended in Nuremberg. French 1st Army reached Rottweil.

Air.—Flying Fortresses attacked railway yards in Berlin area, Liberators in Munich-Prague area. At night Mosquitoes made six raids on Berlin; Soviet bombers also attacked the city.

Italy.—Units of 5th Army entered Po Valley west of Bologna.

APRIL 21, Saturday *2,058th day*

Western Front.—3rd Army captured Asch, Czechoslovakia. Troops of U.S. 1st Army entered Dessau.

Air.—Railway yards in Munich area bombed by U.S. aircraft from Britain and Italy.

Russian Front.—Zhukov's troops entered suburbs of Berlin. Koniev attacked N.E. of Dresden.

Italy.—Bologna captured by troops of 8th and 5th Armies.

General.—Twenty-year pact of mutual assistance signed by U.S.S.R. and Polish (Lublin) Government.

Burma.—All oilfields in Allied hands except for minor wells, with capture of Yenangyaung, main centre of production; two other centres, Chauk and Magwe, were cleared on April 18 and April 19 respectively.

APRIL 22, Sunday *2,059th day*

Western Front.—3rd Army launched drive into Bavaria towards Regensburg. 7th Army captured Danube bridge at Dillingen. French occupied Stuttgart and Freiburg and advanced to Swiss frontier.

Air.—R.A.F. Lancasters bombed Bremen.

Russian Front.—Soviet High Command announced capture of many Berlin suburbs, including Weissensee in the north-east, little more than three miles from Unter den Linden.

France.—Gen. de Gaulle visited French troops who cleared Gironde pockets at Royan and Pointe de Grave.

General.—Mr. Molotov, Soviet Foreign Commissar, arrived in Washington on way to San Francisco Conference.

APRIL 23, Monday *2,060th day*

Russian Front.—Zhukov's troops broke into Berlin from east after capturing Frankfort-on-Oder. Koniev's forces broke into Berlin from south after taking Cottbus, and also reached the Elbe.

Air.—Mosquitoes twice bombed Kiel and shipping at Travemunde.

Japan.—Super-Fortresses attacked aircraft works at Tashikawa, west of Tokyo.

Home Front.—Lighting restrictions removed over most of Britain.

General.—Czech Govt. called on army and civilians to rise.

APRIL 24, Tuesday *2,061st day*

Western Front.—British troops entered suburb of Bremen. U.S. and French troops captured Ulm.

Russian Front.—Troops of Zhukov's and Koniev's commands linked up in southern suburbs of Berlin.

Air.—R.A.F. bombers attacked rail centre of Bad Oldesloe, nr. Hamburg.

Italy.—Ferrara occupied by 8th Army, Modena and Spezia by 5th. Allied troops across the Po.

Flash-backs

1940

April 13. *Second battle of Narvik; seven German destroyers sunk.*

April 15. *Announced that British forces had landed in Norway.*

1941

April 13. *Germans occupied Belgrade.*

April 14. *Siege of Tobruk began.*

April 17. *Yugoslavia capitulated.*

April 23. *Greek Government moved from Athens to Crete.*

1942

April 16. *H.M. the King awarded the George Cross to Malta.*

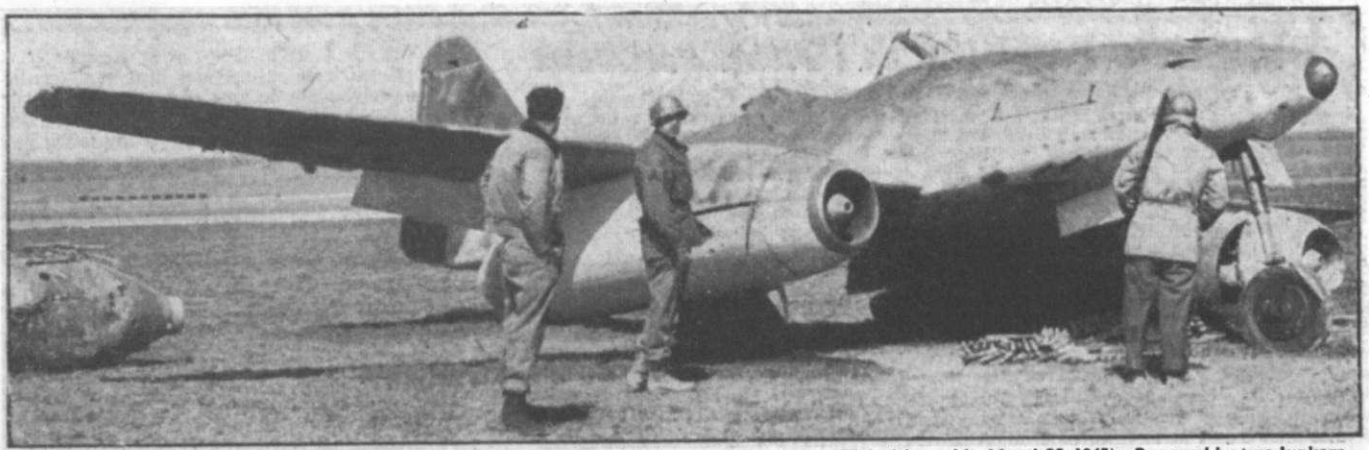
April 18. *U.S. bombers from aircraft carrier Hornet raided Tokyo.*

April 24. *Exeter bombed in first of "Baedeker" reprisal raids.*

1943

April 12. *Sousse, port on Tunisian coast, occupied by 8th Army.*

April 21. *Enfidaville and Takrouna, Tunisia, captured by Allies.*



JET-PROPELLED ME 262, captured by U.S. 7th Army troops at Giebelstadt, near Frankfort-on-Main (cleared by March 28, 1945). Powered by two Junkers Jumo jet engines, it mounts four 30-mm. cannon and carries about 475 gallons of fuel. Speed is estimated at 500 m.p.h. Though primarily a fighter it is used for reconnaissance and can also carry two 500-lb. bombs. Tricycle landing-gear is fitted with front wheel well forward. *Photo, Associated Press*

THE WAR IN THE AIR

by Capt. Norman Macmillan, M.C., A.F.C.

THE climacteric in the war occasioned by the Allied advance deep into Germany from the West has brought new revelations and confirmed past theories. Knowledge denied to the German people is now known to the Allies from the indisputable evidence of materials accumulated in overrun dumps and factories.

Immense in value is this penetration of German war secrets, for through it the Allies gain information, while their own secrets remain undiscovered by the enemy. In the post-war years the Allies will have available to them the pool of world knowledge of armaments, whereas the Germans will know only what they themselves learned, and that was not good enough to win the war.

AT the German town of Losa, troops of the U.S. 1st Army found a depot containing more than 50,000 filled 550-lb. gas bombs, with a large number of bomb cases waiting to be filled. (See illus. p. 3.) Some of these bombs were reported to be filled with cyanogen chloride, reputed to be a nerve-paralysing gas. Others contained lung-injuring gas, phosgene, and tear gas. These bombs were brought to the Losa depot late in 1944. Faced with the complete air superiority of the Allies, the enemy dared not employ his gas weapon against the United Kingdom or Russia, for had he done so it must have resulted in the most terrible retaliation. It will be remembered that Mr. Churchill on more than one occasion has stated that if Germany used gas the R.A.F. was ready to make swift rejoinder. At Losa there was proof that Allied air power saved the world from the terror of aerial gas warfare.

FUSELAGES Constructed in a Salt Mine 900 Feet Underground

Second in importance is the proof of German underground factories. I remember before the war how sceptical many people were that Germany had then constructed factories underground. But at Tarthun the U.S. 9th Army discovered a factory equipped to manufacture Heinkel 162 jet-planes at the rate of 500 to 700 a month. This aircraft was stated by the director of the factory to have a speed of about 600 m.p.h. and a flight duration of about an hour. The factory was 900 feet underground in a salt mine. Here were built complete fuselages. Lifts brought them to the surface at night, and railways took them 15 miles to another secret factory, at Bernberg, for the installation of wings and engine. Above the Tarthun factory were peaceful-looking farms; the 2,000 factory workers were dispersed, and transport movement by road was kept to a minimum to escape detection by air reconnaissance.

THE capture of flying bombs and rocket bombs and launching ramps and sites; the seizure of multiple rocket-firing batteries on the French coast that were intended to bombard London with V3 120-lb. shells carrying a 40-lb. explosive charge at the rate of ten a minute; the capture almost intact of Messerschmitt 262 jet-plane fighters (see illus. above); and the seizure of archives of immense value must combine to devalue the secrecy of the German war effort.

There is now no doubt that the enormous effort expended by Germany to protect herself within the "Fortress of Europe" was denied opportunity of achieving success by the pounding of the enemy factories from the air during the tremendously steepened Allied air offensive from the spring of 1943 onwards. This delayed the German programme, and so gave the Allies time to build up for the invasion of Europe before the German defensive plans were completed. The great deflection of German man power into anti-aircraft defensive measures meant a further loss of man-hours in useful work to the German defence scheme.

THE last two years of war in the air have been significant for the victory of Allied orthodox air war over the German new-weapon air war. It is probable that this victory came just in time; in a few more years it might have been too late for the orthodox to challenge and defeat so decisively the new methods which have been evolved and which will affect future war—if the world does not abstain from this recurrent spectacle.

By April 12 more than half the aerodromes used by the Luftwaffe were in Allied hands; enemy aircraft had been evacuated during the preceding three weeks from west of Bremen to Sleswig-Holstein and Bavaria. At this date it was considered that Germany could put 1,000 aircraft into the air on the Western Front in sorties of 150–200 daily, if fuel were available. But already a great programme of daylight assaults on enemy aerodromes was in hand. On April 10, 5,600 Allied sorties were flown; 40 aircraft were lost (mostly due to flak), but 406 enemy aircraft were destroyed, 342 on the ground. By April 17, the Luftwaffe had lost 3,900 aircraft in 17 days; 3,214 on the ground (1,016 on the previous day); and 485 in the air; Allied air losses were the same as the German losses in combat—485. It was then estimated that the Luftwaffe had only 3,000 aircraft of all types left.

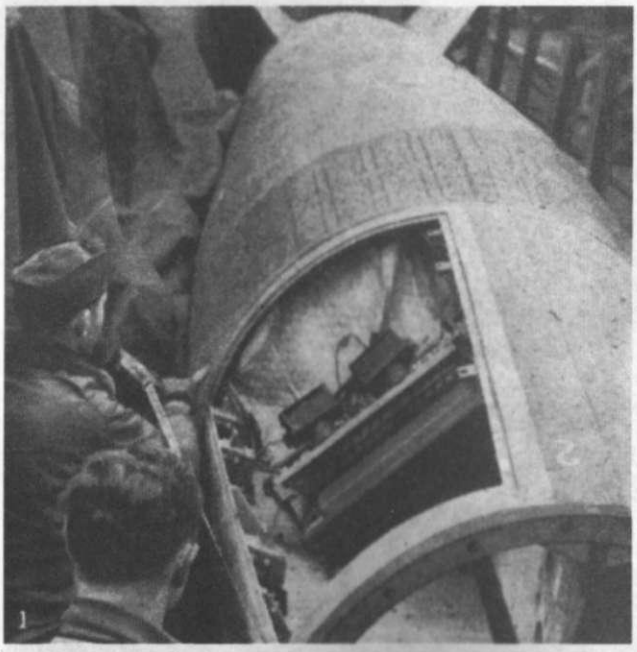
In addition to this strategic assault on airfields, the aircraft continued to give full tactical support to all the surface forces, in Germany, in Italy, and in France, where the U.S.A. 8th A.F. supported the French forces attacking the Germans in the Gironde area. On April 14, 1,150 bombers dropped 3,500 tons of bombs there, and next day over 1,300 Fortresses and Liberators deluged the German positions with 460,000 gallons of a new inflammable liquid contained in tanks (each of which splashes its contents over 60 square yards), plus 1,000 H.E. bombs and 6,000 large incendiaries. These fire tanks are the air equivalent of flame-throwers on the ground.

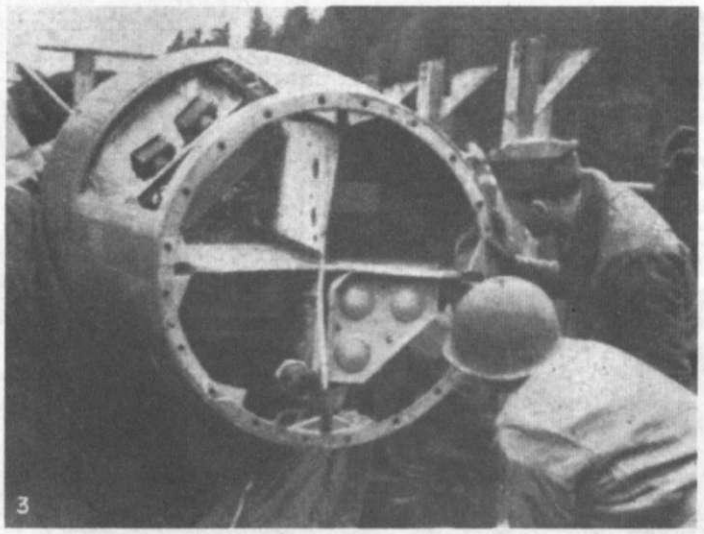
NIGHT Attack Plays Havoc with Shipping in the Kiel Canal

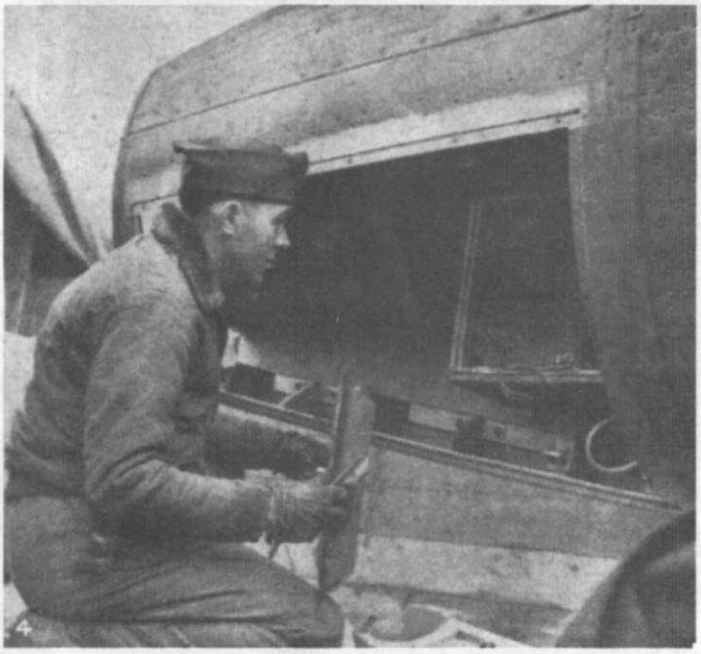
On April 9, Bomber Command made a night attack on Kiel, using some ten-ton bombs. The Admiral Scheer, pocket battleship, had been found there two days before by recce-planes. Bomber Command sank her in their first attack. In addition, Bomber Command may have damaged the Hipper and Emden cruisers, and did damage the liner Osorio, which was listing heavily when later photographed. In the afternoon of April 16, a small force of Lancasters with 12,000-lb. bombs, sank the pocket battleship Lützow at Swinemunde. A new rocket-propelled bomb, design-sponsored by the British Admiralty, was used for the first time by Flying Fortresses against E-boat pens at Ijmuiden. Hitting the target at 1,100 feet per second, this bomb can penetrate several layers of concrete before it explodes.

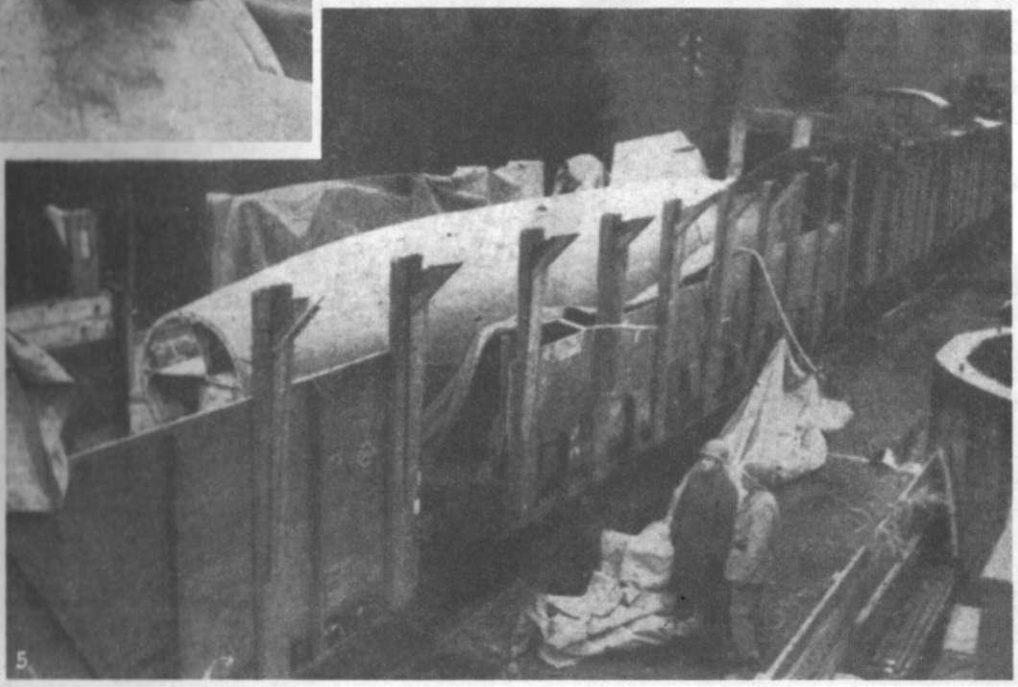
IN the night of April 20, Berlin was bombed by a large force of Russian bombers. That day it was announced that British air-raid casualties from the beginning of the war totalled 146,760 killed and seriously injured. Almost daily Super-Fortresses bomb Japan. On April 16 it was announced that 27 square miles of Tokyo had been burnt out. One great raid from 11 p.m. on April 13 to 3 a.m. on April 14 was Tokyo's greatest fire-bomb raid. The Japs counter-attacked the Super-Fortresses with jet-planes, but 10 square miles of arsenal and factory were left as smoking rubble. More Allied attacks have been made along the China coast, the Philippines and Formosa. On April 19, American Mustangs from Iwojima swept over central Japan and destroyed 85 Jap aircraft on the ground, making a round trip of 1,500 miles. Over 20,000 Jap aeroplanes were destroyed from America's entry into the war to March 11, 1945, by U.S. Army, Navy and Marine Corps pilots and A.A. gunners. The 14th Army in Burma is now supplied by a British and U.S. air transport armada, which flies the equivalent of three trainloads daily to the front line.

Rockets that Will Never be Fired at Britain









EN ROUTE FOR HOLLAND thirteen wagons of V2s, attached to a train at a wayside station, were seized by Gen. Hodges' U.S. 1st Army near Bromskirchen, between Cassel and Giessen, on April 7, 1945. It was the first time any of these rocket projectiles had been captured intact.

The top of one of the nine V2s found in the train (1); this part of the rocket was divided by wooden partitions into four compartments (3), containing the radio direction-controlling device (4), a compressed-air power unit and other instruments. Dimensions of the aluminium shell of the rocket were taken (2) and were recorded as length 46 feet and diameter 5½ feet. The Bromskirchen V2s were without their 2,000-lb. explosive warheads. Part of the train with its camouflage covers removed (5).

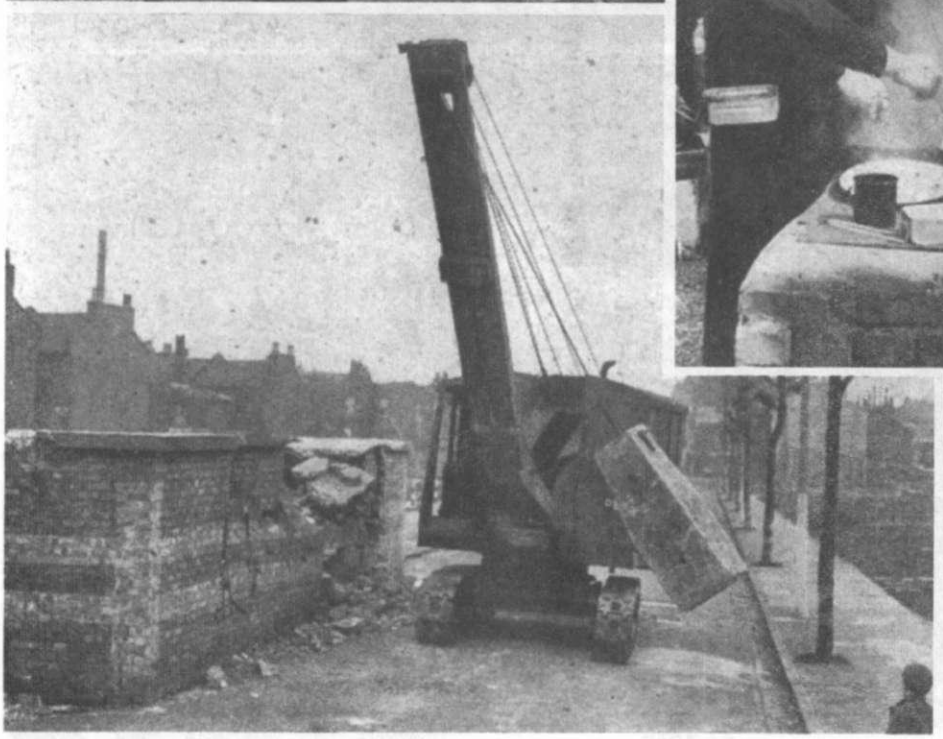
British forces of the 21st Army Group cut the last direct railway supplying the Dutch V2 coast when they took Nordhorn on April 13.

Photos, Fox, Associated Press

Our Roving Camera Bids Raid Shelters Farewell

NAVY WEEK CELEBRATION in London, April 15-21, 1945, in aid of the Lord Mayor's National Fund for Seamen, included in its many features a motor torpedo boat lying alongside Westminster pier (right). Twenty metropolitan boroughs took part, the display of naval gear and equipment providing popular centres of attraction.

DISPLACED PERSONS, mainly French and Belgians rescued from Nazi horror-camps and numbering over 1,000, have been flown in Dakotas of R.A.F. Transport Command to Brussels, and from there dispatched to their homes. A pilot (below) makes sure his passengers are comfortable before taking-off.



DRIVERS FOR OVERSEAS lined up for their first military meal. Manned by volunteer British personnel and under the auspices of the Ministry of War Transport, heavy goods vehicles are being sent to liberated areas in north-west Europe.

DEMOLISHING AIR RAID SHELTERS in London, this 3-ton sledge (left) swung from an excavator operated by Royal Engineers is dropped repeatedly on the concrete roof from a height of ten feet, then swung against the walls. Two R.E.s do in under an hour a task which would occupy five men working with pneumatic drills a whole week.

Photos, British Official, G.P.U., Planet News, Fox Photos

Editor's Postscript

WHEN I read of historic German towns being badly battered my regret is tempered by the ruins which I see daily in the once lovely old courts of the Temple and the shells of famous London churches, and although I do not subscribe to the old Jewish *lex talionis*, which exacted an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, I could easily have withstood the shock of learning that some of our ten-ton bombs had accidentally been dropped on Heidelberg —much as I enjoyed a stay there long ago. Thus I thought more about the Temple round the corner from my office than I did of Vienna when I read the other day that the historic buildings of the Austrian capital had suffered more damage than was at first announced. Vienna was never an outstandingly beautiful city, like Paris or Rome, but the small inner city within the circle of that handsome boulevard, the Ringstrasse, had as much history packed into the square mile as most cities could hope for, even though some of the minor palaces of the imperial régime had been turned latterly into rather humdrum hotels. The opera house on the Ringstrasse has been reported gutted. It was one of the resorts of the Emperor Francis Joseph, who had a secret entrance into the royal box. After the last war it was run as a state enterprise at moderate prices. They took over the entire cellar of the famous Imperial Tokay, the wine that Noel Coward made such a song about in Bitter Sweet; and every night during the intervals stalwart republicans, Herr Schmidt and his frau, used to roll this golden wine of the Hapsburgs round their tongues in the lounge bar—also at moderate prices. But I expect Hitler's thugs claimed all that was left.

IF I know the Viennese, they will not brood unduly over the loss of their opera house or the reputed damage to the Schönbrunn and S. Stephen's cathedral. Temperamentally they are not unlike Londoners. They have the same sense of humour in that they laugh at themselves, a thing your typical German was never able to do. Between the end of the last war and that day in 1938 when Hitler's tanks first rumbled into the Ringstrasse, shabby old Vienna, a capital far too big for its country, like an enormous head with hardly any body, and buffeted by insoluble political and economic troubles, had contrived to put up a brave enough imitation of her former sparkle. She danced and sang and made the whole world welcome. Presumably that was just the trouble!

THE other day I was looking at a reproduction of Sir William Orpen's famous picture of the signing of the Versailles Treaty. It seemed a topical thing to do. Orpen painted a number of peace conference pictures. One that I recall with particular delight is a less formal bit of portraiture showing Clemenceau in vigorous argument with Lloyd George, while Woodrow Wilson sits impassive and aloof. These arguments were a frequent occurrence. Before the present war the guides at Versailles used to point out a great gash on the conference table, made, they said, when Lloyd George flung down his pen in anger during a disagreement. I have been told that the story was altered for American visitors so that it was Wilson who did the damage. For all I know, it was actually the cleaners.

BUT the picture of which I now write is the official one commissioned by the Government and shown at the Royal Academy in 1920. It provoked criticism at the time, because the artist seemed to have been more impressed by the beauty of the Hall of Mirrors than by the little frock-coated history-makers, whom he relegated to the bottom of his canvas. What impressed me most in studying the picture was the fact that Lloyd George, who sits in the very centre of the group, was by several years the last survivor of the twelve semi-heroic figures who sat at the historic table. One by one through the years they have all added their

MR. HARRY S. TRUMAN, former Vice-President of the United States, succeeded Franklin D. Roosevelt as President on the latter's sudden death on April 12, 1945. *Photo, Pictorial Press*

names to the obituary lists. Bonar Law, on Lloyd George's immediate left, was the first to go. That was in 1923. Wilson died the following year. The others were Viscount Milner (1925), Henry White, of the U.S. delegation (1926), Robert Lansing (1928), Clemenceau (1929), Earl Balfour, and the U.S. General Bliss (1930), Colonel House (1938), G. N. Barnes, Prince Saionji, the Japanese delegate (1940), and Lloyd George (1945). The lesser groups standing behind the table have thinned out, but among those still flourishing are Signor Orlando, W. M. Hughes of Australia, and the present Lord Hankey, then secretary to the Cabinet. On the other hand, Louis Botha outlived the Versailles conference by only a few weeks.

R.A.F. Middle East—one of H.M. Stationery Office's wholly admirable booklet war-histories—lies before me. Prepared for the Air Ministry by the M.O.I., it is described baldly as "the official story of Air Operations, February, 1942–January, 1943," yet what glorious reading it makes! Indeed I am not sure that when the Gibbon of the future comes to write of the Decline and Fall of the Third Reich he won't take this 150 page booklet (costing one-and-ninepence, by the way) as providing material for his most illuminating chapters. For it was in the Middle East—an area roughly one-third larger than the United States—that the tide of battle began to turn in our favour when Monty thwarted Rommel's bold bid for Egypt and carried out, from El Alamein to Tripoli, in three months to a day, the greatest single advance in history—1,400 miles in blinding sun and sand. As the anonymous author so rightly points out, the war in the Middle East was a struggle for airfields. So long as our main air force was based in Egypt wide stretches of the Mediterranean were beyond our fighter control. With our fighters based at Benina, near Benghazi, we could (and did) sail our shipping convoys successfully and in reasonable safety to Malta. I wonder, by the way, how many of our amateur tacticians are aware that the R.A.F. fighter-bomber and tank-buster were the direct outcome of this epic desert war when at one dark hour in 1942 all seemed lost?

A RECENT gossip paragraph told a story of Montgomery asking Eisenhower why he pronounced "schedule" as "skedule." This can scarcely be true, for I suspect that Monty is scholar enough to know that the American version is the more consistent: The word is derived, though in a roundabout way, from the Greek *skizo*, meaning "split." Our pronunciation of it illustrates one of the many illogicalities of the English tongue; for of three words derived from this same Greek root, schedule is pronounced as *shedule*, schism as *sizzum*, and schizophrenia as *skizophrenia*. The confusion probably arises from the familiar German *sch*, which is soft. This again differs from the Dutch, which is usually hard, as in Scheldt. I know that Dr. Percy Scholes, the well-known writer on music, feels justifiably aggrieved because so many people call him Sholes. Justifiably, because Scholes, like Schofield, is a good old Yorkshire name, which no one north of the Trent would dream of mispronouncing. Indeed, there is a village of Scholes, with a station on the L.N.E.R., between Leeds and Wetherby

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When Men Saw Victory Written in the Skies

DARKENING THE REICH SKIES, THE ALLIED AIR ARMADA, watched breathlessly by British troops, swept across the Rhine during all-out operations on March 24, 1945. Our complete air supremacy, which enabled the glider and parachute troop landings to be carried out, is shown by the fact that in the first sixteen days of April as many as 3,462 enemy planes were destroyed, the record single day's kill being 879, on April 16, all for the loss of 52 Allied aircraft. See also illus. pages 776-77, 786, Vol. 8.

Photo, Planet News

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